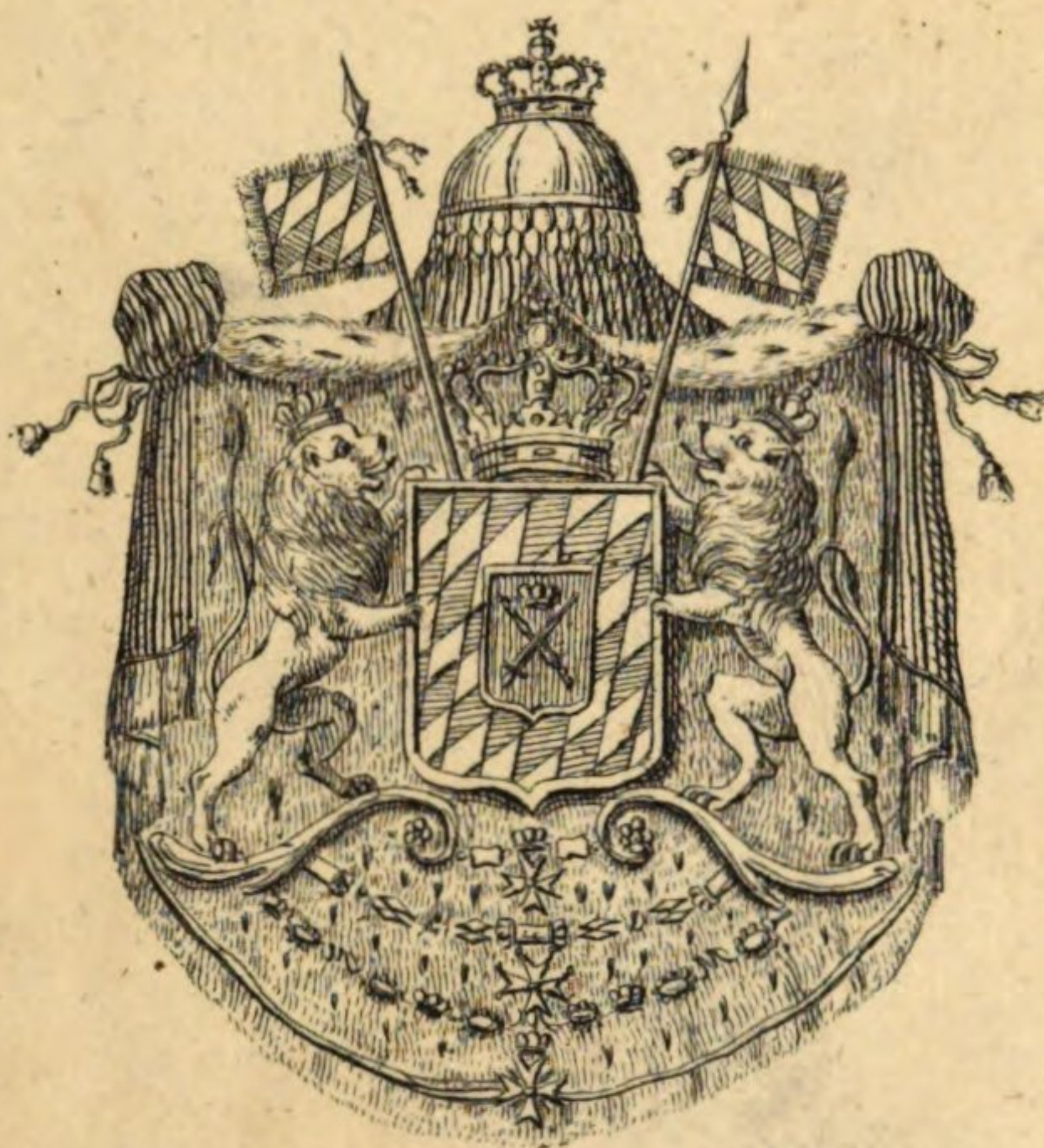


L. eleg. m.

93

leg msc.
93



**BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.**

0

<36607774340019

<36607774340019

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek





THE
BANQUET OF WIT;
OR, A
FEAST FOR THE POLITE WORLD.

Being a collection of Jests, Storys, Jokes,
Puns, Songs, Epigrams, Enigmas,
Toasts, Sentiments, &c.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Randall, N^o 4 Shoe Lane,

Fleet Street.

Price 1 Shilling.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

T H E
BANQUIT OF WIT.

THAT admired son of the comic muse, Mr. Quick, belonging to the Liverpool company of comedians at the time the celebrated Naval Review at Portsmouth made so much noise in the world, one of the gentlemen of the theatre, after saluting Mr. Quick one morning in the green-room, whipt open his waistcoat; the ladies set up a loud laugh, which the wag heightened by observing, ‘The ladies had an opportunity of seeing a Naval Review without going to Portsmouth!’

Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wanted to put off a few days, asked Lord M—d, the present chief justice of the K— B—, when he would bring it on? ‘Friday next,’ says his lordship, ‘Will you consider, my lord, Friday next will be Good Friday.’ ‘I do not care for that,’ says his lordship, ‘I shall sit for all that.’ ‘Well, my lord, to be sure you may do as you please; but if you do, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a Good Friday since Pontius Pilate’s time.’

A country farmer going across his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espied a young fellow and lass very busy near a five bar gate, in one of the fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young man, ‘No harm, farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.’

B

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctors Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his excellent tragedy of the Gamester: the proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished; which the proctor found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, ' Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the last act?' ' Oh! very easily (says the poet) there I intend to put them both into the Spiritual Court!'

During the time the Air Balloon was letting off in the Artillery Ground, a Frenchman attending among the rest as a spectator, conceiving that Les Angloises could not be so adroit at an invention that was claimed by his countrymen, and which had been exhibited with such splendor and applause at Paris; and in order to ascertain the precise time, he pulled out a remarkable fine gold watch, which he held in his hands; this circumstance being observed by one of our nimble fingered gentry, he artfully (when the Frenchman thought he had returned it into his fob) conveyed it away; the Balloon being let off, and Monsieur requiring to know how long it would be visible, applied to his watch, which, to his great surprize, he found gone, ' O mon Dieu, says he, turning round, it is gone'—' gone, roars out a good honest Englishman, why you look the wrong way'—' Vay, beggar me lost my vatch'—' lost your watch, continued the Englishman laughing, why there it goes up in the Air Balloon!

Chancellor Crips being on a party at Castle Martyr, the seat of the earl of Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprize, where he could be gone to. ' Oh, says the Chancellor, he is but just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients.'

A Mr. Hare breakfasted with the celebrated Mr. Fox, some time ago, whose dealings with the jews was pretty extensive. Looking out of the window, he perceived a number of the money-hunting tribe about the door, upon which he called out, ' Pray, gentlemen, are ye Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting this morning ?'

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all, despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayer, saving one mariner, who was ever wishing to see two stars. ' Oh ! said he, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two ;' and of these words he made so frequent repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, ' what two stars, or what one star he meant ?' To whom he replied, ' O ! that I could see the Star in Cheap-side, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.'

Mr. Sharp the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaif-

ter; the patient turning a little pale, ' Lord sir, said he, I hope there is no danger?' ' Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon, for if the fellow don't set up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.'

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a lottery-office, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, ' Pray sir, said he, what do you sell here,' ' loggerheads, cried the other,' ' Do you? answered the countryman, egad then you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left.

Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the university of Oxford, espied a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him, laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand; says one of the scholars to the rest, if you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present. No doubt of it, they were not long consenting: why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surprised to see his ass thus metamorphosed: ' Oh! for God's sake, said the scholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back.' ' Zoons, how came

you here,' replied the old man? 'Why, said he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him.' 'By all means said the crockery merchant, I do not desire to have any thing to do with conjuration;' and so set the scholar at liberty, who went immediately to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for: but the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: 'Oh! oh! said he, what! have he and his father quarrelled again already? no, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.'

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings, and one being upon his plate, he found it stink so much, that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his own ear. The gentleman, at whose table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him, 'That he had a brother lost at sea about a fortnight ago, and he was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him;' 'And what answer made he, said the gentleman,' 'He told me, replied the other, that he could give no account of him, for he had not been at sea these three weeks.'

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Batson's coffee-house, said one of them, 'I wonder,

fir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the Lord's Prayer;' 'done, said the other, and Johnny Wilkes here shall hold stakes' The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, 'I believe in God,' and so went cleverly thro' the Creed: 'Well, said the other, 'I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it.'

A country parson having divided his text under two-and-twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the sleeve, asked him whether he was going? 'Home for my night-cap, answered the first, for I find we are to stay here all night.'

A country gentleman, meeting a neighbour, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked if he never read at home? 'No, replied the clown, I can't read.' 'I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you?' 'Not I, in troth, cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, 'who made you, child? said the parson.' 'God, sir, answered the boy.' 'Why look you there, quoth the honest clergyman, are not you ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot?' 'Ah, said the countryman, it is no wonder that he should remember, he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, measter, sin I war made.'

A merry fellow went to the late celebrated Dr. Rock's, and finding him within, begged to speak with him in the most private manner; the Doctor accordingly took him into a room, secluded almost from light, and then begged him to explain his case; the fellow urged on the Doctor the utmost secrecy, saying, 'If it should come by any means to his friends ears, he should be ruined, &c.' The Doctor assured him of his taciturnity. 'Well, says the fellow, I believe Doctor you are the only man that can cure me;' the Doctor replied, he had no doubt but let his case be ever so desperate, he could effect a perfect cure. The fellow then begged to describe his disorder, which he did in the following manner: 'I've been a sad raking dog, and so'— 'Oh, says the Doctor, I understand you, I have made that disorder my constant study, as such can remove it in the most obstinate cases.'—'Well, goes on the fellow, as I was coming up Fleet-street,'—'you picked up a lady I suppose, says the Doctor,'—'no, says the fellow, but seeing one of your men giving bills away, I took one, and having occasion a little after to evacuate, I used one of your bills, which proved so small, that I be-fouled my fingers, therefore all I beg is, that you would print them on larger paper, to prevent like accidents in future.'

A clergyman coming to one of the yea and nea profession for his tythes, the quaker kindly asked him in, begged him to seat himself, and then required if he would eat any thing; and on the parson answering in the negative, he proceeded, with asking him, 'if he would drink with him, and then, if he would smoke a pipe with him?' to all which the parson

answered no ; ‘ well friend, says yea and nea, I have offered thee a meat-offering, a drink offering, and a burnt offering, and I know of no other offering mentioned in the scriptures ; as such, if thee wilt not accept of those, I wish thee good day friend, for I shall offer thee no more.’

An old woman not going to church for a considerable time, was reprimanded by the clergyman of her parish for neglecting her duty in that manner ; the old woman the next Sunday goes to church with her stool on her head, and came in just as the people were saying, ‘ Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us, &c,’ on which she cries out, ‘ What the devil do you cry Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us? for did you never see an old woman with a stool on her head before ?’

The late extraordinary marriage of the wealthy Miss Sharpe being mentioned the other day at Lord Mansfield’s table, his lordship asked what was the disparity of years ? On being informed the bride was 25, and the bridegroom 70, Lord Mansfield quaintly replied, ‘ Poor lady, she had much better have had two thirty-fives.’

When the celebrated Nan Catley was making one of her annual excursions to Ireland, in company with some of her brethren and sisters of the stage, the weather was so bad in going from Holyhead to Dublin, that most of the passengers kept in the cabin. Just as they were entering Dublin-bay, a heavy sea laid the vessel down, after sweeping every thing from the deck. A well-known master of music popping his head up to enquire what was the matter,

Catley answered him, ' Oh! sir, it is only Water parted from the sea, in a forte strain.'

A gentleman crossing Ludgate-street, was applied to by a man who sweeps the crossings, for charity. The gentleman replied, ' I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return.' ' Please your honour, says the man, it is unknown the credit I give in this way.'

Beau Nash took a hack one night at Temple-bar, and bade the man drive to Berkeley square. The fellow, who had been wishing for the usual time of his going home, swore, as he was mounting the box, that he should be glad to drive his fare to hell. ' Do you consider, said Nash, when they were come to Berkeley-square, that if you had driven me to hell, as you said just now you should be glad to do, you must have gone there yourself!' — ' You mistake, sir, replied the fellow, for I should have backed you in.'

Two gentlemen, who were near neighbours and intimates, lived very happily many years with their respective wives. At length, one of the husbands dying, and likewise the wife of his friend, the two survivors, after a certain time, thought proper to make a match. But, though each of these had been very happy in a former marriage, they were now quite otherwise, and there was no agreement between them. The husband opening himself hereupon to one of his acquaintance, ' I cannot conceive, said he, how it is; I was very happy with my first wife; so was my present wife with her former husband; and yet we two cannot agree by any means: but

there are everlasting squabbles between us. 'Tis very strange.'—'Not so strange as you seem to think it, said his acquaintance, I can explain it very easily. Of you four persons, you two husbands with your two wives, there were two that were wise, and two that were foolish. The two wise ones are taken away, and the two fools are left alive.'

A poor player having lent one of his comrades a small matter, spoke to him one night behind the scenes, in Covent-garden theatre, 'By G—, Tom, those two guineas I lent you ought to be paid me; you know I'm in great distress.' 'Don't talk to me about it, said the other, by heavens, within this week, I'll take care to pay you in some shape or other.' 'You will oblige me, replied the creditor, and pray let it be as much in the shape of two guineas as possible.'

The following odd cheat was practised some time ago in London. A man not very conscientious in his disposition, was invited to a friend's house in the country, but neither having a pair of boots, nor money to buy them, he resolved to supply his wants by cozenage. He went to a shoemaker's, and ordered a pair of boots, which he said, he must have without fail the Saturday morning following, by seven o'clock; he was also very precise in ordering a particular leather, and the make he would have them of: all which the shoemaker took in charge. at the same time promising not to fail him, at the hour he commanded. From thence my chap goes to another shoemaker, where he ordered a pair of boots, of exactly the same leather and fashion of those he

bespoke before, saying, he must have them without fail, the next Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, which the shoemaker likewise promised. The appointed day being come, the first shoemaker exactly at seven o'clock, brought the boots to the lodgings where he had been directed. The rogue pretended to be mightily pleased at his punctuality, tried one of them, and declared it fitted him to a hair; but in putting on the second, he pretended great difficulty, saying it pinched him so about the instep, that he could not bear it; he confessed, indeed, that one of his feet was larger than the other, and proposed to the shoemaker that he should take home that boot and stretch it, and bring it to him again at twelve o'clock, till which time he should not leave town, being retarded by an unexpected affair. Which the shoemaker, though he knew nothing of his customer, made no difficulty of doing. By this means he had got one boot, and only wanted a fellow to it. At eight o'clock the other shoemaker punctually brought him the other pair of boots, and he played exactly the same trick with him, he had done with the former. The boot fitted to a miracle. But the second must be carried back to be stretched a little. In a word, he found no difficulty with either of the tradesmen; and the minute he got shut of both, mounted his horse and rode off. At twelve the two shoemakers met at the door, with each a boot: a little cursing and swearing ensued, upon finding out the trick that had been played them; but in the end they adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house, and, as the boots were fellows, and one would be useless to each, they agreed to play a game at All-fours to determine which should have the pair.

An Oxford scholar, who piqued himself upon being a wag, was accosted upon the road to London, by a person who asked him which was the nearest way to Tyburn? — ‘Why,’ replied the Oxonian, the nearest way you can take, is to stop the first person you meet, and demand his money!’ ‘Are you sure of that?’ replied the traveller, then drawing a pistol out of his pocket, as I am for expedition, your money this instant.’ The wag submitted to his demand, and paid six guineas for his joke.

Quin was sometime after met, by a nobleman, behind the scenes, who asked him, ‘Why he did not come and eat soup with him?’ ‘By G—, my lord, said Quin, I am ashamed to come, since I find your lordship keeps a cook’s shop.’ His lordship asked an explanation; when he told the nobleman, ‘His was the dearest and worst ordinary in London; for a man paid for his dinner literally, and very exorbitantly, at his lordship’s house.’ Quin was told by his lordship, that this should be rectified for the future, and that he should lay severe injunctions upon his servants to take no vails.— Upon this promise Quin was prevailed to return; but, having failed to pay for his dinner, as usual, the next time he came he had a dirty plate given him for a clean one, bread for beer, and frequently neither one nor t’other, after repeated applications. When dinner was finished, he addressed himself to the company, in pushing round a plate with half a crown upon it, ‘I think we had better pay for our dinner now, before we begin upon the wine; for I have a notion they imagine we intend to bilk them to-day.’

MR. RAMBLER,

In passing through a street at a very little distance from Bedford-row, I perceived the three following names on the doors of three houses adjoining to each other, viz. Mr. Frewen, on one door, Rogers, on the next door; (that gentleman, I suppose, being a modest man, did not choose the addition of Mr. to his name;) and on the third door was written Mrs. Honeywood: so that by reading the names as they are written on the three doors, you will perceive the following whimsical effect. Mr. Frewen, Rogers, Mrs. Honeywood, and by leaving out the commas after each name, the whimsicality will be heightened.—*Rambler's Mag.*

My name happens unfortunately to be Ann Bull, and I am frequently put to the blush by some of your tiny geniuses, merely from my being name-take to a noble animal, too well known to be described here. Lately I employed a person to paint me a board to be placed over the door, acquainting the public with the nature of my business; when it was brought home the inscription run thus:—‘Young Ladies boarded, taught French, dancing, and every other accomplishment, by A Bull.’ If he had made it Ann Bull, instead of A Bull, it would not have appeared so ridiculous: but now every one who passes has got his joke ready upon the occasion. They are so gross in their remarks, that I cannot with decency repeat them—such as ‘Young Ladies boarded by A Bull,’ &c. I have, however, given directions to the painter to make Ann of the A. and then I hope the wags will pass quietly by my door.

I once observed on a board over a door near Ludgate-hill, the following words,——‘Silk stockings washed here by A. Bishop.’ I thought it very extraordinary that a bishop should fix upon that method of employment; and concluded within myself that it must be some industrious Welsh prelate,

with a large family, who wanted to add a trifle to his income by the laudable, though not very lucrative or genteel business of washing silk stockings. At length, however, all my doubt and conjectures were vanished and removed, by a person asking the following question;—‘ Pray, Madam, can you tell me where Mrs. Ann Bishop lives?’—*Rambler’s Mag.*

JEREMIAH STICHER’S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH.

From the Rambler’s Magazine, No. 17.

I am by profession a taylor, and live in the vicinity of St. Giles’s. The Devil, or some other gracious spirit, tempted me to pay a visit to this seat of iniquity. My wife Deborah, and Lucy my daughter, would needs accompany me; we went on board the D—l—g—te of 74 guns, accompanied by my old acquaintance Jack Lapboard, who enquired for Mr. Baleflings; he instantly came and ushered us on to the quarter-deck.

In the mean time out came the captain from his cabin, with one hand in his bosom and the other in his breeches; first casting his eyes up to the rigging, and then turning them towards us, ‘ Gentlemen, (said he, addressing himself to the officers) our yards don’t seem to *stand* well this morning; we must have them *braced up*, and not keep them *hanging* in this manner.’

The singularity and apparent indecency of this speech affected me and my family exceedingly; my wife *seemed* confused, Lucy began to stare, and I became a little alarmed for her virtue.

I was again alarmed by an officer calling out with a loud voice, ‘ Let them be all turned *bung* up, and take care that their c—lings are well choked.’ Ay, ay, sir, replied Mr. Baleflings, I’ll take care to leave scarce a *crevice* open. ‘ Heavens, (said I to Lapboard) there must certainly be something in

it. Let them be all turned bung up, and take care that their c—lings are well choked. Heavens defend me! I wish we were safe back to Monmouth street again. Though I should take it in my head to travel all over England, (which God knows whether I shall or not) I am resolved that neither my wife, nor Lucy, shall get one step farther from home than Pimlico, or Bagnigge-wells. ‘Ay, ay, sir, (says the other) I’ll take care not to leave a *bole* open:’ Did you ever hear more than that, Bodkin? Why, I am really afraid to trust the women here any longer. ‘For Heaven’s sake, Jerry,’ said he, ‘don’t make yourself uneasy about nonsense; why that there swarthy complexioned gentleman, who called to Mr. Baleslings is my old employer, Jack Blowhard the master: I knowed him when he was captain of a good ship in the Straits trade, and an honest fellow never did I set a stitch for, why, he was only giving orders about stowing the hold, it is the casks he means are to be turned bung up; not the ladies, nor us neither; I’ll assure you, Jerry, what he means by the c—lings, is the space between the casks, which, in stowing the hold, they fill or choke up in order to prevent them from moving and knocking against each other.’

We had by this time got to the bottom of the ladder, from the quarter-deck, and Mr. Baleslings was leading my spouse forward to the main hatchways, when another incident set my imagination on the wreck.

A seaman having by some accident got a couple of black eyes, Mr. Baleslings stopped him to know who he had been fighting with? ‘I wa’nt fighting please you, sir,’ said the sailor. ‘How came your eyes so swelled then?’ said Mr. Baleslings. ‘Why, last night, in the dark, I run’d my nose into that there snatch, sir,’ replied the sailor, pointing towards Lucy, ‘’twas that caulked up my day-lights, sir,’ continued he—‘D——n the scoundrel,’ whispered I to Lapboard, ‘If I had him ashore I’d learn the

villain to say he run his nose into my daughter's *snatch*.' Lapboard burst out into a fit of laughter, at the ridiculous construction I put upon what fell from the sailor, which tended to exasperate me still more. 'What are you laughing at?' said I peevishly. 'Why, at you,' replied he, 'do you see that there block hanging behind Miss Stitcher?' 'Yes,' answered I. 'Well, they call that a *snatch-block*,' said he, 'and as it hangs much in the way of people walking along the deck, it is common for sailors when they have got a black eye by fighting, to say they run against the *snatch-block*, in order to avoid a flogging.' I gradually recovered my temper, and we descended by the main hatch-way, (I think they call it) to the lower gun deck. 'Here, (says Mr. Baleflings) is an excellent battery.' 'Yes,' replied we, assenting to the truth of his observation.

'My dear Mrs. Stitcher, said I, (taking my wife by the hand, and leading her on one side from the rest of the company) what an excellent shopboard would this here deck make, if so be as all these here guns were moved out of the way.' 'Yes, my dear, (replied she) and how charming it would be to see you walking backwards and forwards with your yard in your hand, giving directions to the work people.' Our attention was instantly called from these agreeable reflections, by a smack of the hand, accompanied with the observation, 'Here is a fine piece!' for my part, I conceived somebody had laid violent hands on my daughter, and that she was the piece they meant; but on turning round I observed Mr. Baleflings resting his hand on the upper side of one of the guns.—'Now, (says he) ladies and gentlemen, I'll inform you how we manœuvre these pieces when we have occasion to use them. The first operation is, cast off all the tackling about the *breech*, &c. then take off the *apron*, and that uncovers the *touch hole*. Next get the *breech* down upon the *b.d.* then you'll have the *muzzle* high enough for *close work*; and that you know is what English sailors delight in—lastly, take your *rammer* in your

hand, *thrust home, discharge*, and that completes the business for the present, till you are ready to *fire again*.'

I'll not attempt to describe either my own feelings or the feelings of the rest of the company during this abominable description, I was out of all patience. 'What a civil gentleman that is, (said my wife to Mrs. Lapboard.) 'Oh yes,' replied she. 'What a sweet description he gave us mamma,' said Lucy. 'I perfectly understand manoueuering now, as the gentleman calls it. Oh dear papa, (continued she) how should you like to manouvre a piece after hearing so much talk of it.' — I could contain myself no longer. 'I wish Old Nick had you to manouvre (said I) What do you bother me about manoueuering for, let us get ashore as fast as possible.'

The Goose.

A countryman brought to town a score of fine geese, and having sold all but one to very good profit, he was resolved not to sell the last. But as he was going home a lady happened to be looking out of a window, and taking a fancy to the goose, sent her maid to enquire the price; the countryman told her, it should be a kiss, which the girl took amiss, and called him an impudent fellow: the lady who was on the top of the stairs, hearing a squabble, called to enquire the noise, the maid answered, Lord ma'am, the man talks bawdy.— Why, what does the fellow say will be the price of his goose? O Lord, ma'am, he says such naughty words I dare not tell you. Poh, poh, says the lady, let him come to me. So up stairs went the countryman and was shewn into the lady's dressing room. Well, fellow, says she, what is the price of your goose? A kiss, ma'am, says Hodge.— What is that you say, fellow? A kiss, madam. Come, come, says she, do not be foolish, but tell me the price of your goose, for I'm resolved to have it. A kiss, ma'am, by G—d you shall not have it under. Well, says she, since you are resolved to

have your ends, I grant it you, for I am resolved to have the goose, but as my head is dressed I must desire you to lay under me, that I may lay myself in a posture so as not to disorder my head dress. Very well, ma'am, says Hodge, it is all the same to me. Down he lays, and up mounts madam. When they had run their lengths, she demanded her goose. No, says Hodge, it is not your's yet, by G—d, madam, for you have kissed me. Well, says she, I am resolved to have the goose, therefore prepare yourself to come on—which he did. After they had finished their second bout, she demanded her right. No, madam, it is only quits for quits, I must have the other bout before you have the goose. Well, says she, you are a comical fellow, but I am resolved to have the goose—down madam lays herself again and they had just compleated matters as the husband entered the room; who seeing a sturdy fellow with his wife in her bed-chamber, with his breeches half down, began to be in a terrible passion; but women are never at a loss for an excuse, she cries out, Lord husband, I am glad you are come, this nasty fellow has offered to sell me a goose, and will not take less than six shillings and nine-pence, and now I have called him, he says, if I do not have the goose, he will shit in the room: Poh, poh, says the gentleman, give the man his money, and let him go. Ah, says Hodge, I am glad you are come, or by G—d I should have been fairly kissed out of my goose.

Captain G——y, an Irish gentleman, remarkable for blunders, coming into a room where a lady of his acquaintance was stooping down to buckle her shoe, claps his hand on her *posteriors*, and cries, 'Pon my *soul*, madam, but you have a fine *frontispiece*!'

The same gentleman being accustomed to take a walk early every morning, was met by an ac-

quaintance, about ten o'clock, who asking him, if he had been taking his *morning's* walk, was answered in the negative, but, adds the honest Captain, ' By Jafus I intend to take it in the *afternoon*.'

A Methodist Sermon.

Brethren ! brethren ! brethren ! (The word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all breathe there in) - If you are drowzy I'll rouze ye : I'll beat a tat-too upon the parchment cases of your consciences, and whip the devil about like a whirl-a-gig among you——Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth squall ; even from the top of my voice will I bawl ; and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye ; and the sweet words that I shall utter——and the sweet words that I shall utter shall sugar-candy over your souls, and make carraway comfits of your consciences ——Do you know how many taylors make a man ?—Why nine—Nine taylors make a man. And how many make half a man ?—Why four journeymen and an apprentice. Even so have you all been bound 'prentice to Miss Fortune the fashion maker ; and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves. My great bowels and my small guts groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.——Give me a dram ! —Give me a dram —Do give me a dram —A dram of patience I mean, while I explain unto you what reformation and what abomination mean :—which the worldly wicked have mixed together like potatoes and butter-milk and therewith make a sinful stir about. Reformation is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter ; and abomination is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub. Have you carried your consciences to the scourers ? Have you bought any fullers earth at my shop to take the stains out ? You say, Yes, you have, you have : But I say No : you lie ! you lie ! you lie !——I am no velvet-mouth preacher ; I scorn your lawn

leeves—You are full of filth : ye must be parboiled ; yea, ye must be boil'd down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup for the saints to sup a ladleful of : and then the scum and the scaldings of your iniquities will boil over ; and that is called the kitchen stuff of your consciences, that serve to grease the cart-wheels that carry us over the Devil's ditch, and the Devil's gap. The Devil's ditch ; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket : and the Devil's gap ; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields.—And then there is the Devil among the taylors, and the Devil among the players : the players that play the Devil to pay.—The play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon tenter-hooks of temptation. — Tragedy is the blank verse of Belzebub ; — Comedy is his hasty pudding ; and Pantomime is the Devil's country dance.—And yet, you'll pay the players for seeing plays ; yes, yes ; but you won't pay me : no, no ; till Beelzebub's bum-bailiffs lay hold of you ; and then you think I will pay your garnish : but I won't. No ; you shall lay on the common side of the world : like a toad-in-a-hole, that is baked for the Devil's dinner.—Do put some money in the plate.—Put some money in the plate ; and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away ; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back : and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
 Or I, your preacher, cannot eat :
 And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
 How much this preaching scours the belly :
 How pinching to the human tripe
 Is Pity's belly ach, and gripe ;
 But that Religion (lovely maid)
 Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

A wild young nobleman being in company with Shakespeare, desired leave to toast the d——: 'with all my heart replies our wag, I have no objection to any of your lordship's friends.'

A gentleman being choaked with a honeycomb, his friends began to bemoan him, 'Why make you such lamentation? said Quin, never man had a sweeter death.'

A country gentleman once telling Shakespear, he was surprized there was so many pick-pockets in London, seeing there was a watch at every corner: 'pough, replies Shakespear, they are as glad of a watch as any thing else.'

The Countess of Essex being at supper (the Monday-night before Shrove-Tuesday) where Shuter was present, it having struck twelve o'clock: well, says she, it is now Shrove-Tuesday; come, gentlemen, 'set up your cocks, and I will knock them down.' True, replied our wag, there is none disputes your ladyship's abilities.'

Garrick being with a set of merry companions over a chearful bowl, when different toasts were going round, a gentleman, whose name was Brown, toasted an absent lady, which he had often done for many years, tho' he had never the courage to speak to her: our wag, who sat next him, said, 'I believe, sir, you have toasted that lady these seven years at least, and it is surprizing she is not Brown yet.'

Quin went to a turner's shop to buy a mat; many were shewn him, but none pleased him. The turner thinking to play a trick upon him, called his wife and daughter, whose names were Mat; 'there, says the turner, are all the mats I have got; and there you may keep them, replied

our wit, for I must have one that has not been trod upon.'

Some ladies walking in the meadows, a few miles from London, they met a shepherd with a young kid in his arms, one of them stroaked and admired it, and asked the reason it had no horns, the shepherd, vexed at being detained, answered, 'because he is not married.'

Lord M—— endeavouring to persuade one of his dependants to marry his cast off mistress, said, she had been used a little; but if she had a good husband she might turn. 'Aye, but my lord answered the other, she has been so much used, that I am afraid she is not worth turning.'

A gentleman speaking of Nancy Parsons, the famous courtesan, who had always abundance of fine cloaths, said she was like a squirrel, 'for she covered her back with her tail.'

A young lady who had been lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise pretty early in the morning, said, 'what, my dear, are you getting up already? pray lie a little longer and rest yourself.' 'No, my dear, I'll get up and rest myself.'

Foote and Quin conversing on death, the latter told the former, that were they to die at the same time, he should, according to the strength of genius out-soar him, and get to heaven first: 'I am rather of opinion,' says Foote, 'that I should gain the ascendant of you, for, by G—d, you are too heavy to mount.'

One morning, the noted Mons. de Vergy, the novel writer, intended to breakfast with a book-feller in Pater-noster-row, one of his employers; and, to be certain whether they had breakfasted

before he arrived, he addressed the bookseller's wife thus; ' Me hopes, maam, you be extremely well, and hope you have got your prick-fast in your belly this morning.'

A gentleman having received some abuse in passing through one of the inns of chancery, from some of the impudent clerks, he was advised to complain to the principal; which he accordingly did; and coming before him, accosted him in the following manner: ' I have been very grossly abused here by some of the rascals of this house; and understanding you are the principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.'

One of the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland, being one night in the pit at the play-house in Dublin, Monocca Gaul, the orange girl, famous for her wit and assurance, striding over his back, he popp'd his hands under her petticoats: ' nay, Mr. Commissioner, said she, you'll find no goods there but what have been fairly entered.'

An old parson was reprehending the gallants of the times, saying, ' beloved, the apparel which the men now wear, make them look like asses in short breeches; and the ladies forsooth, must have their gowns dragging half a yard upon the ground; a very unseemly sight. Now, to rectify this disorder, you women should take up your coats, and you men let down your breeches; that is, women must make their coats shorter, and men their breeches longer.'

Lady L—— asked sir W—— when he was Lord Mayor of London, how many women he had kissed since their marriage? ' Why, my lady, said sir W——, if we had as many penny loaves as I have kissed women since you have been my wife, we should have bread enough to last us these seven

years, ' And now continues he, pray tell me how many gallants have kissed you in the same space of time?' ' Why, if we had as many cheefes as I could tell you, I have had gallants, I think we should have three cheefes to every one of your loaves.

An amorous young fellow, who designed a favour to his neighbour's wife, the chambermaid came running in, and told him her master was at the door. ' 'Sdeath, said the lover, can't I get out at the parlour window?' ' No, no, replied the girl, there are some iron bars; but if you will run up three pair of stairs, you may jump out of the garret window easy enough.'

The late duke of York asking a young lady, one day, what it was o'clock; ' she told him her watch stood.' ' I don't wonder at that, madam, replied his highness, when it is so near your-what-do-you-call it.

A gentleman and his man riding into the country, they met a fellow astride upon a cow: the man calls out to his master, ' Oh, sir, says he, yonder is a strange sight; a fellow, is a horseback upon a cow.' ' That's a bull, said the gentleman.' ' Nay, sir, said the man, it is not a bull: I know it is a cow by its teats.'

The celebrated Miss C — now D — of — complained to Lord Chesterfield of the ill nature of the town, and amongst other instances, said, that occasion had been taken from a late illness of hers, to spread a report that she had been brought to bed of two children.' ' His lordship advised her to be easy under such circumstances: adding, that for his part, he had long made it a rule not to believe more than half what the town said.

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he enquired what answer the lady had sent him? 'Answer, said the girl, 'why she has sent you this for a token' (giving him a smart slap in the face) 'Aye,' cry'd the old fellow, rubbing his chaps, 'and you have lost none of it by the way: I thank you.'

A gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; amongst the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and stayed with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest, and to be rid of him, feigned a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare was slender: the gentleman perceiving their drift, but not knowing where to go to better himself, told them, 'He had been there seven days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; and that he was resolved to stay for seven weeks longer, but he would see them friends again.'

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, 'When I solicited thy chastity, hadst thou condescended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee.' 'Faith,' said she, 'I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fooled no more.'

The bishop of D——m had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other as usual, in his breeches; and beginning to speak, 'I have something in my hand, my Lord's said he, 'for the benefit of the officers widows. Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupting him, asked, 'In which hand, mylord?'

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, 'What shall we do, Bess, if you prove with child?' Oh! very well, said she, 'for I am to be married to-morrow.'

A country-fellow getting into a gentleman's orchard one night, with the design of robbing a mulberry tree, had not been long in it, before one of the men and one of the maids came just under the place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could, 'till the business they came about was over, when the chambermaid began to give vent to those fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before, 'Lord, John,' said she, 'now you have had your filthy will, what if I should prove with child, who will take care of it?'—'There is one above,' replied John, 'I hope will provide for it.'—'Is there so,' said the countryman, 'but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any body's bastards, it shall be for one of my own begetting.'

The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a commission, constituting him Captain of the Eleanor fireship, was the same evening passing home to his lodgings, when a fine madam meeting him in the street, earnestly entreated the favor of a glass of wine, the baronet cursing her for a silly whore, said, 'He was well content with one fireship in a day.'

A beautiful young lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the point of resigning herself into the arms of her lover, began to enter on the conditions that she expected should be observed after the articles were signed and executed. 'Among the rest, says she, positively, I will lye in bed as long as I please in the morning.' 'With all my heart, madam,' says he, 'provided I may get up when I please.'

In a little country town, it happened that the squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying-in, to return thanks to God, (or as it is commonly called) to be churched. The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, 'O Lord save this woman,' said, 'O Lord save this lady.' The clerk resolving not to be behind hand with his master, answered, 'Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.'

A living of 500l. per annum, falling in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, Sir T—— R—— recommended one of his friends as very deserving of the benefice, whom his lordship approved of. In the interim, the curate, who had served the last incumbent many years for poor 30l. per annum, came up with a petition, signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would stand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy; and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10l. a year, he should for ever pray. His lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon after to pay his respects, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60l. a year instead of 30l. The parson, in some confusion, replied, 'He was sorry he could not grant his request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word.'—'How! (says my lord) have you promised the curacy before you was possessed of the living? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you please, I'll give him the curacy, but the living, I assure you I'll give to another.' And saying this, he left him. The next day the

poor curate coming to know his destiny, my lord told him, that he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my lord calling him back, said, with a smile, ' Well, my friend, 'tis true I have it not in my power to give you the curacy; but if you will accept of the living, 'tis at your service.' The curate almost surprized to death with joy, in the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from a necessitous condition, to a comfortable state of life.

A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All Fours unfinished; in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out. Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was; which he readily did; and turning to the parents of the child, ' Are you not ashamed, said he, to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments:—I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.

Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay dinner; which he ac-

cepting of, the gentleman stepped in the next room, and told his wife he had invited the doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide something extraordinary for dinner. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, 'till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, ' That if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors.' Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, ' I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of me.'

An honest highlander, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry, ' Rogue, Scot ; Rogue, Scot ; his northern blood fired at the insult, he drew his broad sword, and looking round him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation, at last he found that it came from a parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach ; but the generous Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, ' Gin ye you we're a mon, as ye're a green goose, I wou'd split your weem.'

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Benferand, who had often jeered him : ' Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to-bed of a boy two days ago.'—' Faith, replied Benferand, I never questioned your wife.'

Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play, but, said another of the company, I have fourteen good reasons against gaming. ' What are those ?' said another. ' In the first place,' answered he, ' I have no money.' ' Oh ! said the first, if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another.'

An old woman, who had a very handsome daughter, had a great jealousy and fear, that one Mr. John Turner, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too busy with her; and as she apprehended, watched them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret; upon which she halloo'd out, with a dismal groan, 'O John Turner! John Turner!' 'No, I think mother, said he, she lies very well already.'

A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world: however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, bless'd likewise with a termagant spouse, asked the widower, if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would for it. 'No, said the other, I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't marry again.'

A worthy citizen, not far from Cheapside, who was himself a little stricken in years, having married a very pretty young wife, the journeyman, a brisk blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his master, had often solicited for the last favor; but she refusing, tho' as he thought, but faintly; his master having occasion to go into the country for a few days, he thought that might be a proper opportunity to accomplish his design; so taking the time when his mistress was in the kitchen by herself, the maid being gone out of the way on some errand, he told her that night he would steal softly into her chamber, when she was in bed. 'If you do, said she, beware of yourself, for I will take this great kitchen knife up with me into my bed-chamber. — At night the spark

opened the door very gently, but, remembering the knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, asked who was there? 'Tis I, answered the journeyman, and was resolved to come to bed to you, but that I remembered the great knife.' 'Oh! what a silly jade was I, said she, to leave the knife in the kitchen.'

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was Ruffel, 'Pray, (says the gentleman) is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?' 'As to our arms, your honour,' says the porter, 'I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between our coats.'

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had expired. 'Your lady may be apparently dead, said the doctor, yet not actually so.' He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient really dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it, 'I see, said the doctor, (with much seriousness) the poor lady expected me; God rest her soul.'

Old Tafwell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Clive the actrefs, 'Madam, says he, I have heard of tartars and brimstones, but, by G—, you are the cream of the one, and the flower of the other.'

A country gentleman of no great breeding, happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him, one day when he paid a visit to a lady, to whom he made his addresses. 'Dear me, cried the lady, what a pretty dog this is!'—'Madam, said he, 'tis not a dog; 'tis one of your own sex.'

A gentleman who had given a lady of the town a purse of guineas, was disgusted before he had proceeded farther than lifting up her petticoats, and demanded his purse again; when she desired to be excused, telling him, 'that no money could be returned after the curtain was drawn up.'

A person who had been married for twenty years, and never had a child, being in company with some masons, who said, they had been digging for a well, but they could not succeed. 'By G—d, gentlemen,' says our married man, you are just in my case, I have been digging at my wife's well these twenty years, and cannot for the blood and soul of me make her suc-ceed.

A lady who had resided the most of her life in the British colonies, happened to be in company with Alderman W——, who had all the evening been expatiating on the absurdity of several passages of Scripture; in order to shew his wit, by rendering the Holy writ ridiculous, the common custom of most of the great geniusses of the present age: The lady, who laughed all the time at the insignificance of his remarks, at last told him, 'he had pretty sense.' 'You mean good sense,' said he; we never say pretty sense.' 'No, sir, replied she, in our country we call every thing that is little, pretty.'

Johnson was one night drinking a bottle with a Whitechapel Justice, when a Constable brought a fine girl before him, however, the magistrate being engaged with his friend, bid Mr. Constable take her home to his house, and bring her the next day; 'I have no objection,' says he, provided your worship will commit my wife till morning.'

A company of gossips, at a good woman's labour, when the business was over, began to dis-

course about the walking of spirits, which some affirmed to have seen, while others doubted of their appearance. But at last the midwife, (whose judgment bore a great sway) delivered her opinion thus: 'For my part, I have gone up and down all hours of the night, and yet, heaven be praised, I never saw any thing worse than myself; though, o' my conscience, I believe I saw the devil once.'

An impudent fellow dined so often at a gentleman's house, that he grew quite weary of him; and, seeing him there one day, desired dinner to be put back. The fellow after waiting some time, enquired when dinner would come up. 'Truly, sir, says the servant, not till you are gone; so it is a folly for you to stay.'

A gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for making bulls, was met one day in mourning: 'Why, how now, Frank,' (says his acquaintance) 'who are you in mourning for?'—'For my poor wife, honey,' answers he. 'God bless me!' exclaims the other. 'Indeed it is very true,' says Frank, 'for she would have been three weeks dead, if she had lived till last Wednesday.'

Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both Princes of a very warm temper; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his Chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared, if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. 'Never fear, man, said the king, 'if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power a head shorter.' 'I am much obliged to your majesty,' replies the facetious chancellor, 'but I much doubt, if any of their heads would fit my shoulders.'

A countryman that lived in London three years, when he went home a friend asked him, if he saw Whitehall. 'No,' says he. 'Nor the Tower?' says the other. 'No,' says he. 'Strange,' replied the other; 'What could be the reason of it?' 'Why, truly,' says he, 'the Keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.'

A poet going over Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The poet asked him by what authority he went a begging.—'Sir,' said the soldier, 'I have a licence.'—'A licence!' said the poet; 'lice I conceive thou may'st have, but sense thou can'st have none, to beg money of a poet.'

A citizen was saying in company, that he had never seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, (at the same time shewing him one of her ears) 'Here, Sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold.' The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch; now, madam, said he, 'you have a wry face too.'

A Receipt for composing a modern Love-Letter.

TAKE five hundred protestations, half as many vows, three thousand lies, fifty pounds weight of deceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and treble the whole of flattery:—Mix all these ingredients up together, and add thereto half a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often with the words Angel, Goddes, Charmer, Honey, and the like.—When it is sweetened to your taste, take as much of it at a time as you think proper; fold it up in gilt paper; seal it with the impression of a flaming-heart full of wounds; let it be carefully delivered, and it is irresistible. *Probatum est sapissime.*

A Surgeon's 'Prentice, who was courting a young lady in Piccadilly, sent her the following card, in which he thought he was paying her a very elegant love compliment. ' Mr. Price's compliments to Miss Littlewood; the Jews, who were hanged yesterday, are now in Surgeon's Hall, where there will be a lecture on one of their bodies next Friday; and as, probably, Miss Littlewood never had the pleasure of seeing a dissection, Mr. Price will take care to get her admitted, with any other young lady of her acquaintance that may like the sight.'

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a cask of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, said he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of it, he said, ' he could talk for ever, and fight the devil.'

A certain gentleman celebrated for his whim, appearing in mourning when no death in his family had been heard of, one of his acquaintance asked him for what he mourned? ' For a small relation,' said he.—' Pray what small relation? ' Why you must know my sister was with child and she has miscarried.'

A country farmer had a very handsome daughter, and a raking young 'squire, who was his landlord, was very much smitten with her; but his pride of birth would not permit him to think of her as a wife. He often called at the old farmer's and chatted with the girl, but she never gave him an opportunity to explain to her the cause of his frequent visits. However, at last, he thought of a scheme to get her in his power, and enjoy what he wanted. He went to the farmer, and telling him he expected a good deal of company to sup-

per that evening, begged the favour of him to let his daughter come and assist his servants; and as it would be late before they went away, she might stay all night and lay with one of his maids.

The honest farmer thinking it an honor to have so great a man for his friend, promised she should come. But, after he was gone, the old man's mind misgave him that it might be some trick; for the 'quire was well known to be the greatest rake in the county.—He was just thinking how he should get off from his promise, when the 'quire's servant came to his house.

His master had told him to go and fetch the farmer's lais, and to take a little nag and side-saddle for her to ride on. The man being deaf, thought he said the farmer's ass, and accordingly came with that message.—The farmer, who guessed at the mistake, was highly pleased, as the folly of the man was a good excuse to get off from his agreement without affronting the 'quire.—But the difficulty was, how they should make the ass sit on the side-saddle? for as fast as they lifted her up on one side she fell off on the other. The man was ready to burst with laughing; and the farmer, willing to carry on the jest, fastened her on with cords.

When John came home, it was dark; and his master was in the parlour with two or three gentlemen. John, thinking the 'quire was upon some fun, went in and told him softly, 'she's come.' 'Well, said the 'quire, (speaking low) take her into the little parlour, and make a good fire.'—John did as he was ordered, and then going to his master again, asked him what he was to do next; the 'quire bid him tell the cook, 'to dress a fowl for her supper; and do you hear, said he, let every thing be in order, and let her have a bottle of wine.'—John could hardly help laughing in his master's face; but he ran down to the cook, 'Lord, what do you think, Betty? the ass must not only

ride on a side saddle, and be seated by the fire in the parlour, but she must have a chicken for her supper; and a bottle of wine!" Upon hearing this, Betty joined in a laugh with him, till their sides cracked; but having more wit than he, she proposed to 'eat the fowl, and drink the wine themselves, and to tell the 'squire she had supped.' This was no sooner agreed to than done; and John, going to his master again, told him, 'She has supped, sir.' 'Very well, said the 'squire, tell Betty to put a pair of clean sheets on the best bed, and wait upon her to bed.' John, on hearing this, gave a broad grin, and his master, with a smile, bid him go and do as he ordered him.—Betty now smelt a rat, and they pleased themselves to think how their master would be disappointed. But they were ready to die with laughing in making the ass lie in bed, and was obliged at last to lay her on her back, and tied her legs, with four halters, to the bed posts.—This being done, John went in once more to tell his master, 'she was in bed.' The 'squire now began to yawn, and appear sleepy, which made the company take their leave.

He then went up to the room, where he thought his charmer lay, but would not take a candle; he felt about the bed, and making many fine speeches to the ass, wondered he received no answer; thinking the lady was asleep, he stooped down in order to salute her, and hitting his head against the ass's nose, frightened the creature so, that with struggling, she broke the halters, and jumping off the bed, ran about the room. The 'squire, terrified out of his wits, did not know where to run for shelter, for he could not find the door, but every now and then run plump against the ass, who brayed—a—ha, a—ha, a—ha! The 'squire at length crept under the bed, where he roared out, 'Betty, John, Betty, John, O, the devil, the devil!'

The servants, who had been without side the door all the while, and had no little diversion, when they found he was almost terrified to death, opened the door, and brought a light, desiring to know what was the matter with his honour! The squire no sooner saw what was the cause of his fears, but he fell aboard of poor John, 'Did I not tell you, rascal, said he, to fetch the farmer's lass.' John scratched his head, and begged his honour's pardon, saying, 'he thought he had said his ass; and indeed, Sir, added he, you would forgive me, if you was to know what trouble I have had in making the poor beast do as you ordered.

A young lady having buried an old husband, whose name was Simon, and whom she married for money, employed a carver to make a statue of wood as much like him as possible, which (with seeming regard to his memory) she placed every night by her side in bed. A young gentleman, who was in love with her, one night bribed the servant-maid to let him lie in old Simon's place. The widow went to bed as usual, and threw her arms round the figure of her husband, (as she thought, and finding it warm, she crept closer, until she was convinced it was a better bed-fellow than old Simon.—In the morning the maid came as usual to know what she would have for dinner. 'Why, said she, dress the turkey that was brought yesterday; roast a leg of mutton with a cauliflower, and get a handsome dish of fish.'—'Madam, said the maid, we have not wood enough to dress so much victuals.' 'Why then, said the mistress, you must e'en burn old Simon!'

A humourist asked a citizen the other day, 'whether he would sooner kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast?'—The citizen honestly replied, 'that he should prefer the latter.' To which the wag archly rejoined 'I never thought you a man

of the ton before, but I find now that you have more taste than feeling.'

Sam. Foote was invited to a convivial meeting at the house of the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval. Lord Sandwich was one of the guests upon the same occasion.—When the comedian entered, the peer exclaimed. 'What are you alive still?' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied Foote. 'Pray Sam,' retorted his lordship, 'Which do you think will happen to you first, the experience of a certain disease, or an intimate acquaintance with the gallows?' 'Why,' rejoined the comedian, 'that depends upon circumstances, and they are these, whether I prefer embracing your lordship's mistress, or, your principles.'

When Colonel H—— arrived at K——e, as Governor of that place, the officers told him they hoped he would give a ball to the ladies. 'Ladies!' says he, 'ay, ay, I'll give them a ball;—but it shall be a ball of worsted to mend their stockings.'

A young fellow, who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner at the house of a gentleman of distinction, a young lady that was there, was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling-bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasions; says the spark with a sneer, 'There is no great danger, I suppose it is only a breeding qualm;' 'Sir,' says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone, 'the lady is a sister of mine, and has been a widow these two years.' 'Pardon me,' replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence, 'she looks so young and innocent, that I really took her for a maid.'

A man having a scolding wife, he swore he would drown himself; she followed him, and de-

fired him to forbear,—at least to let her speak with him. ‘Speak quickly then,’ says he, ‘Pray husband, if you will needs drown yourself, pray take my counsel to go into a deep place, for it will grieve my heart to see you a long while dying.’

One asked his friend, why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife. ‘Why, friend,’ said he, ‘I thought you had known, that of all evils you should chuse the least.’

A fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian proverb, ‘That three women make a market with their chatting;’ ‘Nay then,’ said he, ‘add my wife to them, and they will make a fair.’

Two parsons meeting one day near the Chapter Coffee-house in Pater-noster-row, and the way being very narrow, the most pragmatical of the two, who was loath to dirty his shoes, said to the other, who was nearest the houses, ‘Sir, I never give the way to a coxcomb!—’ ‘Sir,’ replied the other, moving to the outside of the posts, ‘I always do.’

A prating woman, who had lost most of her teeth, asked a physician the reason, she being young and healthy: ‘I can’t guess at any other reason,’ says he, ‘but that your tongue grates too much against them.’

Mr. H ——— falling into company with a sea-officer at Bath, and the discourse turning upon hunting; the captain gave the following droll description of a chace;—‘Our horses being completely rigged, we manned them to their full complement, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven ante meridian, a fleet of twenty, set sail over the Downs. In about three quarters of a watch we spied a hare under a full gale; we tack-

ed, and stood after her, crowding all the sail we could; but coming close up to her, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but, unluckily, just as we were about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, my horse and I overfet, and came keel upwards.

Three young sparks going into a tavern, saw an elderly gentleman sitting by himself. One of them went up to him, and said, 'Father Abraham, I am glad to see you.' The second entered the room, and said, 'Father Isaac, I hope you are well?' The third followed them, and said, 'Father Jacob, shall we drink with you?'—The old gentleman looked at them a short time with an air of contempt, and then replied, 'I am neither Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; but Saul the son of Kish, who was sent to seek his father's asses; and having found them, left them.'—So went out of the room, and shut the door in their faces.

A gentleman writing a letter to his wife, as he was sitting at a table at a coffee-house, perceived he was overlooked by an Irishman. After he had wrote a line or two, he goes on, 'My dear, I should be more particular, but that I am overlooked by an impudent Irish son of a bitch, that stands behind me.' 'What do you mean,' says the Irishman, 'by abusing me in that manner? do I overlook you?'

Two young ladies of family, who both confessed to one spiritual father, for some fault they had jointly committed, were enjoined the same penance;—which was to wear peas in their shoes for three days;—the time being expired, one of them came to the other to enquire how she did, and at the same time complained that her feet

were very sore, the peas having almost made a hole in her flesh. On hearing her story the other burst into a laugh, and told her she was very well. 'For,' says she, 'you foolish creature, I boiled mine.'

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? 'Truly, madam, says he, he's a brave fellow, and flicks close to Catherine-hall,' the name of a college there. 'I vow, said she, I feared as much; he had always a hankering after the wenches from a boy.'

A gentleman expressed his surprize that a celebrated painter could paint such pretty faces in pictures, and yet get very homely children. 'Oh, sir, says another, he makes the first by day-light, and the other in the dark.'

Queen Elizabeth seeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effects of her favors so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in Italian, 'What does a man think of, sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?' After a little pause, he answered, 'he thinks, madam, of a woman's promise.' The Queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, 'Well, sir Edward, I must not confute you; anger makes dull men witty; but it makes them poor.'

A wench complained to a Justice, that Mr. such a one would have refreshed her; 'Thou meanest ravished,' said the Justice. 'Yes, sir, said she, I meant so indeed.'—'I warrant, replies the Justice, this rogue has ravished thee many a time before now?' 'Yes, sir,' said she, to aggravate the matter, 'twenty times at least.'

A London rider, returning home from a long journey very much fatigued, went to sleep at night

without performing some duties, which his wife thought it necessary and indispensable for him to go through. The next morning on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke. Upon enquiry into the cause, his wife replied, 'Why, my dear, what occasion have you for boots or spurs, when you know you have left off riding.'

A person describing a snuff-box he had seen, which was an 'Egyptian pebble set in pinchbeck,' said it was 'a gypsey's nipple set in pinch-gut.'

A lady asked a gentleman who was dining at table with her; 'Pray Mr. Moffat will you let me help you to a bit of hare?' 'No, madam, I thank you (answered he) 'my belly is full of it.'

A married lady being asked if she had embraced her husband since his return from a long journey 'No, said she, that is not the part of a modest woman, my husband embraced me.'

A person bought a pair of horns, and brought them home; his wife asked him what he meant: he said, to hang his hat on, 'Good lord, says she, can't you keep your hat on your own head.'

Lady V— being asleep in her closet, with the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle before her, her lord happened to step in, and looking over the book without waking her, took the liberty to change it for the Practice of Piety, and so left her. When she awaked, she presently perceived the trick, and his lordship entering while the book was yet in her hand, he took occasion to compliment her on her ladyship's reformation. 'Nay, nay, answered my lady, let our reformation go hand in hand, I beseech you—when you, my lord, practice the 'Whole Duty of Man, then I'll read the Practice of Piety.'

Two girls of Whitechapel, disputing for precedence, one the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune. 'You are to consider, miss, said the brewer's daughter, that my papa keeps a coach.' 'Very true, miss, said the other, and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray.'

A plain country yeoman bringing his daughter to town, said, for all she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. 'Yes,' says a pert young female in the company, 'country sense,' 'Why faith, madam, says the fellow, country sense is better sometimes than London impudence.'

When the Coterie was first established, one of the general rules was, that two members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club. One of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in private, was however for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number being three; 'for, says she, suppose a lady and gentleman might happen to meet first, would not it be a very awkward situation?' 'Not at all, madam,' said lord Har——g——n, who happened to be present, 'for you know, a gentleman and lady can readily make a third.'

Two comedians belonging to Covent-Garden theatre having a wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to doctor Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion.—— A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: 'As for you, Sir,' addressing himself to the first, 'you are by much the worst singer I ever heard in my life.' 'Ah, says the other, exultingly, I knew

I should win my wager,' 'Stop, Sir, says the doctor, I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, that as for you, by G—d, you cannot sing at all.'

A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous, young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his return from his travels, that she was dead, and had been buried: in the mean time, she had so placed herself in disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprized. A person by, said, 'Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before.' 'Ay, replied he, most men are more afraid of a living wife, than of a dead one.'

A woman having a cross-grain'd husband, hard to please, she desired him to write down what she should do, and what she should not do, that she might not err in her performance: This was done, and she well observed her rules; when one day going a mile or two to visit a friend, the good man got light headed, and on his return home, reel'd into a ditch, calling to his wife to help him out.—'Indeed, husband, said she, I remember no such article in my orders; but I'll go home and see; and if there be, I'll come and help you; or else you must get out as well as you can, for I am resolved not to break them.'

A gentleman at Enfield, being much in debt, was obliged to keep house close; a bailiff, who had been promised a great reward to take that gentleman, having made several attempts in vain to snap him, at last resolved upon one that he thought could not fail; so pretending himself in despair,

came by the gentleman's parlour window, (which was next the street, and where he sat writing every day) and pulling out of his pocket a halter, made a noose, and seem'd as if he intended to hang himself therewith; a grindstone being before the door, upon which he got up, and threw the rope over a bough of a tree, and fastened it, and then put his head in, concluding the gentleman would whip out, and so he should arrest him. But as the devil would have it, the grindstone, which stood firm like a rock for him to get up, tumbled down as soon as ever the halter was about his neck. The innocent, unwary gentleman seeing what pass'd, fally'd out to cut the rope and save the man; but the bailiff's follower lying in ambuscade, snap'd the gentleman as soon as ever he peep'd out, and carried him off, and let his master hang, who carried the jest too far. And when the gentleman told the bailiff's follower, that his master would soon be dead if he did not cut him down. 'Let him be damn'd, said he, I have got my prize, and I shall have the reward, and my master's place too.

When Dun that kept the assembly house at Hackney, being himself in a room with some witty gallants, one of them (which it seems knew his wife) too boldly cry'd out in a fantastick humour, 'I'll lay five pounds, there's a cuckold in company; 'tis Dun, says another.'

A cobbler was sitting in his shop singing merrily; his song was this, 'Tamberlain was, and he was; Tamberlain was, and he was;' and continued so singing, and nothing else, many times together; which a gentleman that pass'd by, took notice of, and said to the cobbler, 'Prithee friend what was he?' 'Why, says the cobbler, as arrant a fool as yourself, for ought I know.'—'Sirrah, says the gentleman, you are a rascal; come out, and I'll kick you.' 'No, Sir, says he, 'tis no matter, I thank

you for your love as much as if I had it, for I don't want kicking.' 'Sirrah, says the gentleman again, come out, and I'll give you a kick.' No, Sir, says he, you need not trouble yourself, I won't come if you'll give me two.'

One being asked what countryman he was, he answered, 'A Middlesex man.' The other told him, 'being he was neither of the male sex, nor of the female sex, but of a Middle-sex, he must then be an Hermaphrodite.'

A young married woman, in the morning being a bed, was trying to put her heel over her neck; which being done, she could not get it back again but with striving tumbled off the bed. Her husband being in the shop, and hearing a great noise, sent up his apprentice, a raw country boy, to see what was the matter; who came down and told his master, 'that his mistress was bewitch'd, or turn'd into an owl; and that she had fallen off the bed, and with her fall had got a great gash in her shoulder.'

A young bride undressing herself unwillingly, and crying. 'Well, child, says her mother, I wish I were to take thy place to-night.'

The Parson and the Fowls; or the Maid too cunning for the Master.

A rich old batchelor, a clergyman in the country, having made choice of a pretty young maid to be his house-keeper, had ordered, upon a certain Sunday, a couple of fowls to be got ready for his dinner, that after he had given his congregation a little Christian consolation at church, he might come home and refresh his tired vitals with a dainty modicum; when the clerk and his loobily assistants had chimed all in, for about a quarter of an

hour, away jogged the shepherd to fodder his sheep, and measure his time by the hour glass, leaving his pretty house-keeper to prepare the cacklers against the accustomed time of his return.

The diligent maid, when she thought her ghostly master had been long enough exalted two degrees above his clerk, to get about a quarter of an hour on the right side of his text, guessed it a very proper time to lay down the fowls, which she did accordingly. As the tid bits were running merrily round before a rousing fire, who should take the advantage of the parson's absence, but his house-keeper's sweetheart, who, by his pleasant comical hoity toities, and other winning accomplishments, had sownriggled himself into her affections, that it is not unreasonable to think he had as much command as her master.

The maid having mistaken the time of the day, happened to be a little too early with her cookery, so that the fowls were full ready before the parson had given his hungry auditory leave to return home to their puddings and dumplings. The sweetheart being a fellow of an incomparable stomach, thought it a great pity, such good victuals should be spoiled for want of eating, and very eagerly solicited his loving Jug to spare him one of the fowls to stop a little hole he had in his appetite, telling her one would be sufficient for her master, and that she had wit enough to contrive some story or other, handsomely to excuse the matter, and blind him from the true knowledge of what became of it.

The maid being willing to oblige her lover, who she found was so desirous to oblige her upon all occasions, ventured to take up one to save the longing of her sweetheart, who being very well prepared for such a nice entertainment, gobbled it up with such expedition, that before his benefactress had wound up the jack, he had not so much as left the claws, which the poor cockral used to scratch the dunghill withal.

He had no sooner dispatched his sweetheart's first courtesy, but he began to be very importunate with her for the second, telling her an excuse was as easy made for both as for one, and that she had as good be hanged for a sheep as a lamb; till at last, by adding a few melting kisses to his ravenous solicitation he prevailed upon her to draw the other off the spit, that he might finish his meal by robbing the parson of his Sunday's dinner.

The second bird being brought before him, he lost no time, but drove down the former with the latter, without any visible abatement of either his speed or his appetite. When he had cleared the dish, and washed all down with a cup of the parson's best beer, he took a thankful leave of his mistress, who now began to be at her wits end how to excuse the rudeness she had so foolishly committed.

As she was thus pondering with herself, who should step in but the parson and a stranger with him, who coming from another town to hear him preach, the parson thought himself obliged to invite him home to dinner with him.

No sooner had the old Levite conducted his guest into the parlour, but he begged his pardon a minute, and retired into another room to whet his knife upon the frame of an old table, which was always his custom before dinner; the maid in a peck of fears and troubles took the advantage in the interim, and stepping into the parlour, in a strange seeming sort of disorder, frightens away her master's guests with a surprising story as follows, viz. Lord, sir, how came you to venture yourself home with my master, at this time of day, when if you had known him, you might have easily discovered by his countenance, he is in one of his old freaks. Why, what's the matter with him, says the country farmer, he was woundy civil to me in the church yard, and by all means would bring me home to dine with him.—Alas, good sir, replied the maid, whatever you do, let me advise you to make the best of your way out of the house, for if you stay, now he is in one of

his frenzical humours, he will certainly geld you ; and I dare say, he is whetting his knife for the same purpose ; he has lately served two or three so already, though they have had the discretion to keep it silent, because they should not be laughed at. I thank thee kindly sweet heart, cried the countryman, are these his tricks with a pox to him——wounds, shew me the next way out, for I would not lose my tarriwags for the best dinner in Christendom. Upon which the wench shewed him out of a back door, and away ran Gaffer as if the devil was at his heels.

He had not been gone a minute, but in comes the parson with his knife in his hand, and finds the maid stamping and storming, as if she was raving mad in the parlour, with an empty smeered dish upon the table, and guest gone. What's the matter now, says the parson, what's the meaning of all this, where is the man gone that I brought home with me? Lord, sir! replies the maid, I never saw such an unmannerly hound since my eyes were open. I no sooner brought the fowls to table, but he snatched them both out of the dish, and crammed them into his breeches, and away he scoured out of the back door, as if the devil was in him. Zounds, said the priest, I am resolved the impudent fellow shall not cozen me of my dinner so, and away runs the parson after the countryman, who by this time had got near a field's length off; but however, having preached himself very hungry, he trotted away after him, with his naked knife in his hand, crying out, give, you brazen dog, what you have run away with in your breeches. The fellow answering as he ran, Faith doctor, not I, I would rather see you hanged first. The parson finding the fellow too nimble for him, was very willing to compound, and cried out in milder terms, Prithee friend, don't run away with them both, but be so kind to let me have one of them. Not I by the mass, replies the fellow, I had rather see you at the devil than give

you either of them. The farmer being young and lusty, soon got ground of the parson, that he was forced to give over his chase, and return home puffing and blowing, having nothing left but bachelors fare, bread and cheese and kisses, for his Sunday's dinner.

A confident thief being arraigned before a judge for felony; after the indictment was read, 'Now sirrah, says the judge, what say you to this?' 'Say to it, my lord, says the thief, I say it is very dirty business; and if I might advise your lordship, I'd wish you not to meddle with in't: for I am sure if you do, I shall get no good by it, nor your lordship neither; for I shall go near to bind thee over to the peace.' 'For what, says the judge?' 'For fear of making me stand in fear of my life, said the thief.' 'Well, said the judge, all this won't save you; for if you ben't hanged, I'll be hanged for you.—I thank your lordship, said the thief, and I hope you won't be out of the way; for I am sure I shall have occasion for you before a fortnight goes over my head.'—'Sirrah, replied the judge, you are an impudent rogue.' 'Not such a rogue as your lordship—takes me to be.'

An Englishman and an Irishman were condemned for piracy. For that crime they are generally executed near a river. The Englishman was to suffer first, but by some accident the rope slipped, and he fell into the water. Being an excellent swimmer, he swam to the other side of the river, and made his escape. The Irishman seeing what had happened, begged of the executioner to tie his rope fast. 'For (says he) if it should chance to slip, I shall certainly lose my life, for I cannot swim.'

An Irishman being preferred from a skip to marry my lady's chambermaid, received fifty pound in consideration of a cracked pitcher, which he

took for her honest portion : about three weeks after, the bride was delivered of a child : and Donnel being at his master's house, the lady told him, she did not think he had been such an active man, to have a child so soon ; arrah, by my shoul, my dear lawdy, said he, and why should'st de tink me such a fumbler, when me own modder wash brought to bed of mee two months before she was married ?

A number of French gentlemen, dining at a tavern in Germany, the maid, as she took out the dishes, let a rousing fart ; and her mistress scolding her severely for doing such a thing in hearing of the guests. ' Pshaw, madam said she, you don't consider that they are all French people, and don't understand German.'

An old gentleman who made his addressee to a young lady, who neither liking him nor his love epistles, wrote him the following lines, in answer to a letter of his.

As I sat sh-g, I received your letter ;
The more I read, I thought I sh-t the better ;
The place being bare for want of grass,
Your letter serv'd to wipe my A-se.

A Quaker being in bed with his own spouse, in the middle of the night, about the ninth hour, she pulled him, saying thus unto him, Ezekial, awake ! What sayest thou Tabitha, the wife of my bosom ? Arise, said she, speedily and quickly, and make no longer tarrying nor delaying, but enter into the next room, and nigh unto the place, that pays tribute unto Cæsar, there standeth a wicker chair, whereon hangeth a garment called a red petticoat : dive into the pocket, and take out thence two farthings, then go to Obadiah the tallow chandler, and buy two candles, light one of them, and bring it presently, for I fear our youngest son, Nehemiah, has besnitted himself.

A countryman who went weekly to market with butter to sell, was at last so well known by all (his butter being always hairy) that no-body would buy of him; or if they did, he was sure always to fall short of his neighbour's price; which he taking very ill, told his wife, either to make her butter as her neighbours did, or she should go to market with it herself, for he would not go to be so affronted with it, not he. 'Well, says she, I'll go see and mend that fault;' so the next day that she was to make butter, she makes fast the door, throws off all her cloaths, washes herself from head to foot, and so falls to work stark naked, lest there should be mots fall from her cloaths amongst the butter; so having made it so clean, as she thought there could be no cleaner, she puts it in a large wooden platter: and to compleat it, she must needs have a little salt to make it relish; but, unhappily, climbing up to the top of her cupboard, down she comes with a vengeance, and lighted directly upon her bare breech in the midst of the butter; her husband looking all the while through the key-hole, and seeing her beginning to lick it off with her fingers, and put it in the platter, says, 'Woe is me Doll, it will but have the old price still;' old price, says she, and behanged to you, it has made my a-se so greasy, that I don't know what to do with myself.

A gentleman seeing his footman with an old greasy hat on, which hung slouching on all sides; 'Who gave you, said he to him, that hat of a cuckold?' 'Sir, replied the fellow, it is one of yours, and was given me by my mistress.'

A countryman sowing his field, and two smart fellows riding by, one of them called to him with an insolent air; 'Well, honest countryman, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour.' To which the farmer replied, 'It

is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing hemp.'

A gentleman talking of his travels, a lady in company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. 'Nay, then, madam,' replied the gentleman, 'as travellers, we may lie together by authority.'

An Irishman, whom King Charles II. had some respect for, being only an inferior servant of the household, one day coming to the king's presence, his majesty asked him how his wife did, who had just before been cut for a fistula in the backside. 'I humbly thank your majesty, replied teague, she is like to do well; but the surgeon says, it will be an eye-fore to her as long as she lives.'

Two were disputing, which was the noblest part of the body; one said the mouth, because it saluted first; the other said, the breech, because it sat down first: at the next meeting he that held for the mouth, saluted the other with a fart; at which he seemed angry: 'Why, said he, that is the part which you held most noble, and therefore I salute you with it.'

A Frenchman who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the name. At last he thought he had done it, by saying, 'Begar, mine deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife.' 'Aye, that's true enough, answered the woman, the more is my misfortune.'

A gentleman reading in the papers, that a certain tanner, was married to the daughter of an eminent butcher, said, 'there could be nothing more natural, than for the flesh to be joined to the skin.'

A woman having played false with her husband, he became extremely melancholy. And being asked, what his distemper was, answered, 'I am only troubled with a bad liver.'

As my Lord Temple was sitting at table with my Lord Pomfret and some other lords, this last, speaking of the fair sex in general, affirmed there was not an honest woman among them all. If it be so, replied my Lord Temple, one of these two things will necessarily follow; 'Your lordship must either be a cuckold, and a son of a wh—re, or you have told a damned lie.'

The Duke of Cumberland attacking a married lady, who was resolved no longer to suffer his addresses, dismissed him with this modest answer: 'Whilst I was a child, I obeyed my mother; when I was grown up, I obeyed my father; and now that I am married, I obey my husband: so that if you desire any thing from me, your royal highness must get his consent.'

A certain duchess, in a late reign, hearing that a man in high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress: 'Good God! said she, that old fellow is always robbing the public.'

A countryman and his wife having had some words, the man protested he would be revenged of her. 'Why, what will you do?' said she. 'Do,' replied he, 'why, I'll go into the orchard, and drown myself in the pond.' 'Aye, do, says his wife; and I'll go with you to see it done.' They both went, and the man ran to the pond, as though he would jump in, but stopped when he came to the side of it. His wife upbraided him, called him coward, rogue, and villain, and said, she knew he had not the heart to do it. The man took ano-

ther run, and stopped short, as before, and his wife continued to abuse him. At length he told her, he really had not the heart to drown himself; but if she would tie his hands behind him, with his garters, (which would prevent his saving his life by swimming) and push him in, she might, for he was weary of her ill temper. 'Aye, you rogue, says she, that I will.' She accordingly tied his hands behind him, and he went to the side of the pond. 'Now, says the man, take a long run, and push me a good way into the water, that I may be soon out of my misery.' 'Aye, aye, you rogue, replied his wife, I'll push you far enough in, I'll warrant you.' The man stood close by the pond, with his back towards it, and she went to some distance from him; and then came running towards him, that she might push him in with the more violence: but just as she came to him, he stepped aside, and she fell flounce into the water. She called to him to help her out, but he very calmly replied, 'You may thank yourself; it is not in my power to help you, for you have tied my hands.'

A girl having been abused by a man under a pretence of marriage, she took a violent hatred to him, and sought all possible means to have vengeance for the injuries she had received. In the mean time, she became a methodist, and one day going to a sermon that was preached by the famous Mr. Romaine, she heard him inveigh bitterly against the seducers of women, which often obliges the unfortunate creatures, as he termed them, to become common prostitutes; but take care, said the doctor, young men, who now hear me speak, and I perceive are not few, take care what you do, for you are not only guilty, in the sight of God, of the crime you yourselves commit, when you debauch a woman, but also of all the crimes which she may afterwards commit in the same way, which will be imputed to you, as the person who first led her

astray. The girl hearing this, the minute she came home, cried to a companion, I am content : I would not for a great deal have missed the sermon this evening, since it has taught me a method to be revenged of that villain Dick Simmonds. What method said the companion ? ' Why, says she, having debauched me, I find God will set to his account all the whoredoms I shall hereafter be guilty of ; and with the blessing of the Almighty God, I'll go upon the town directly, " and never leave, till I damn him to the pit of hell '

An honest country farmer had for many years been plagued with a cursed shrew of a wife, who was at last seized with an apoplexy, and to all appearance gave up the ghost. John, you may be sure, was glad enough of his release ; but, the following Sunday, carrying the corpse to be buried in going down a hill, the feet of one of the bearer, slipped ; and letting the coffin fall, gave such a shake to the body within, as brought the woman to herself, who soon began to thump and cry at a wicked rate ; and, in short, the poor farmer was obliged to return home in much pretended joy for his wife's strange recovery. She lived with him six years longer, and then died in earnest. John set out with her once more for the church-yard, and coming to the place where the former accident happened ; ' pray, said he to the bearers, take care how you go down the hill.'

An honest bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a narrow lane, and not giving way so readily as he expected ; the parson, with an erected crest, told him, he was better fed than taught. ' Very true, sir, (replied the farmer) for you teach me, and I feed myself.'

As a tinker was crying for work, one asked him, ' Why he did not stop the two holes in the

pillory?' says the tinker, 'if you will lend me your head and ears, I'll lend you hammer and nails, and give you the work into the bargain.'

A woman desired of her husband some money to buy her a broad silver and gold lace to lay on her petticoat. To which he answered, no; for said he, once make you a gold finch, and you will prove a wag tail all your life after.'

Monf. De Vergy, when in Scotland, hearing a woman call out 'fresh butter,' drew his sword, hinking she called him 'French bugar.'

A citizen of London treating about a marriage with a young woman in the country, at last refused her, saying, that she was as yet too green: upon which her father rising up in a passion, cried out, she is riper than you imagine, for she has already had three children by our priest's clerk.

A patriotic gentleman standing at the window of his house with his wife, whom he had married a few days before, and seeing a beautiful young woman pass along, he said to his wife, 'my dear soul, I'll make you laugh, You must know, that I had to do several times with that girl there before she married, but she was so silly as to go and tell her mother of it: His wife replied, 'Oh the silly brainless wretch, I, in like manner had to do an hundred times with our coachman and footman, and never said a word of it to my mother.'

A gentlewoman who thought her servants always cheated when they went to Billingsgate to buy fish, was resolved to go thither herself, and asking the price of some fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the fish woman about half what she asked: 'Lord, madam, said the woman, I must have stole it to sell it at that price, but you shall have it if

you will tell me what you do to make your hands so white'; 'Nothing, good woman, answered the lady, but wearing dog-skin gloves; 'd---n you for a lying b---h, replied the other, my husband has wore dog skin breeches these ten years, and his a---se is as brown as a nutmeg.'

A gentleman happening to make water against a house, did not see too young ladies looking out of a window close by, till hearing them giggling, when looking towards them, he asked, what made them so merry, 'O lord, said one of them, a very little thing will make us laugh.'

A young gentlewoman lately arrived from Barbadoes, came to Leadenhall-market to buy a scragg of mutton for broth, for which the butcher asked nine-pence, 'that's too much, said she, cut it off, sir, and I'll give you a bit* for it.' 'D --- n your bit madam, I want none of your bits, replied the butcher, I've got a much better bit at home.'

A gentlewoman loved a doctor of physick, and to enjoy him, feigned herself sick; the doctor being sent for in all haste, went up and staid with her an hour; when he came down, her husband asked him how she did? 'O, said he, she has had two such extreme fits, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have made your heart ach.'

One Mr. Mann, master of the ship called the Moon, used to be very familiar with a gentlewoman, and her husband taxed her with another gentleman; 'she swore she knew him no more than the man in the moon.'

A young lady, of pretty high spirit, who was just about entering into the marriage state, told her gallant, that she could never bring herself to say obey, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeats

* A bit in Barbadoes, is a piece of money valued at 7d.

that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, 'honour and bey;' 'nay madam, said the parson, you must say obey, I cannot say you are married, if you do not speak the words as the office directs;' but still she would only say as she had done; and the parson again reproving her. 'Let her alone, doctor, said the husband, let her only say bey, if she has a mind to it now, and I'll make her cry O at night.'

A young woman came to a lady to be hired, and the lady told her, she was no maid, 'Yes indeed, madam, says she, but I am.' 'How can that be, replied the lady, when, to my knowledge, you have had a child.' 'Well madam, says she, it was but a very little one, and do you make such a matter of that?'

A fellow blaming his sweetheart, telling her she was false to him, she to clear herself, used many imprecations, bidding him if it were so, 'to mark her end.' 'Nay, for that, said he, I shall not so much mark your end, as I shall your middle.'

A country girl going to market, was overtaken by a smart young fellow, who entered into discourse with her, and praising her beauty, telling her, he never saw any body dressed so neat and tight in his life. 'Tight, says the girl, oh, if you was but to see how tight I am of a Sunday, it would do you good.' 'Why, how tight are you on Sunday?' says the spark.' 'Oh dear, sir, says she, I am so tight of a Sunday, that you can't stick a straw in my a—se, but now you may put your nose in.'

A forward young girl having been debauched, her father applied to counsel to know whether an action would not lie between his daughter and her gallant? 'Go home, honest man, replied the barrister, I find there has been already too much action between them.'

▲ certain gentleman being very angry with one of his neighbours for some expressions which had been told him again, cried out, 'the Devil take all the cuckolds, I wish they were in the Thames;' upon which his wife answered; 'O dear husband, how can you make such a wish, when you know you can't swim.'

Dr. Wilfon meeting his godson, asked him whether he was going? 'To school, replies the boy.' 'That's well said he, there is six-pence for you; follow thy learning apace; I may live to hear thee preach my funeral sermon.'

A good old woman being at the Sardinian ambassador's chapel, took two wax tapers, and set one of them before the image of St. Michael, and the other without thinking what she did, before the devil, which stood at his feet; the priest taking notice of it, began to say to her, 'Alas, good woman, what are you about? don't you perceive that the you offer a candle to is the devil.' To whom the woman replied, like a woman as she was, 'No matter, my good sir, 'tis good to have friends every where, in hell as well as in heaven, for we don't know where we may go.'

A young maiden got down from the window of the house, and ran away with her lover, and being often reprimanded by her mistress, how she, who was a virgin, could be so very bold. 'I must tell you, madam, says she, that my love was so very hot and violent, that had I not got out by the window, we should all have been burnt in the house.'

A husbandman going to his master, told him the news of his wife's being brought to bed: and what has she got, replies the master, a girl, I warrant you? 'better, sir, replies the husbandman.' 'has she a boy then continues the master?' better still replies the husband, for she's brought to-bed of a dead female child,

It is not above a year ago that a maid servant belonging to a boarding school near London, where thirty young ladies were educated, after the family had retired to rest, took a novel with her to her chamber, for the purpose of reading in bed—unfortunately the girl fell a-sleep, with the candle in her hand; the consequences were, that the curtains took fire and the whole building was reduced to ashes in a very short time. Happily no lives were lost, but not an article of furniture and cloaths were saved, and the young ladies were received into the neighbouring houses in their shifts only.

The father of one of the young ladies was relating this story only a few weeks ago, at a very polite circle in Berkley square, and at the same time declaring that his daughter had never since recovered her fright: the lady of the mansion expressed great concern at the misfortune, but comforted the parent by observing that it was lucky the young ladies had escaped with their lives:—It was lucky indeed that the young ladies escaped, observed a wicked wit who was standing by;—“but you hear, my dear madam, that all their *things* were burnt.”

A light headed blade walking along the streets, meets with an old decayed gentlewoman, with a gown that by age was worn threadbare; the gallant thinking to break a jest with her, took up the hem of her gown and kissed it; which she, looking back, took notice of, and asked him what he meant by that? Why, said he, ‘to honour old age.’ Alas, sir, replied she, ‘you might then have kissed my arse, for it is forty years older.’

Lady C—try was in company one day who happened to turn their conversation upon Coventry Cross; one lady said that was a cross she had never seen; I do not know, says her ladyship, what you may have seen, but I assure you ‘I have seen Coventry cross me very often.’

The Prince of Conde was one afternoon in a retreat in Versailles gardens, taking a nap *a la fraiche*, and he had entirely unbuttoned himself for the greater ease, placing his hat before him. Two of the mesdames were taking a stroll in the gardens, when the waggish one said to the other, we will go and have a little fun with Conde, and ran and snatched his hat, when lo! she made a discovery which she judged very indecent. She complained to the queen, and the affair came round to the king, when the only apology Conde made was, 'That he was sleeping in the garden when it was very sultry, and somebody came and ran away with his hat as it was hanging on a peg.'

A lady who was going to be married went to her uncle in order to settle her affairs, and inform him as there lay on him some part of her dependence, she should be glad to settle with him; the uncle desiring to know the reason of so sudden a demand, says, 'Pray niece what are you going about?' Why, says she, 'uncle I am going to take a great thing in hand.' Ah, says he, 'what can that be?' Why, says she, 'indeed I am going to be married.'

Mr. Fox, upon losing his place for having been often seen in company with disaffected persons, assured the minister that he was very innocent notwithstanding his acquaintance with those people; It may be so, says Lord N. 'but if an honest woman is found in a bawdy house, people would be apt to take her for a whore.'

Mr. Charles Fox being very dirty and slovenly as he generally is, was playing at cards with the duke of Richmond and admiral Keppel, and happening to lose, wished himself at the devil, Jack Wilkes who overheard him, replied, 'if you should go in so dirty a pickle, Charles, you will make him spew.'

The late duke of Y—k happened to be in company with lady H—n, he observing her very attentively looking at a poor soldier, who was making water against her window; after his highness had looked at her for some time, he asked her, ‘Pray my lady does your milliner often cheat you in your measure?’ she answered, ‘No, my lord, why do you ask me such a question?’ Because, says he, ‘you look so earnestly at the length of that poor man’s yard.’

A countryman of a merry disposition being inclined to joke with one of his neighbours; ‘Hodge, (says he) how many cuckolds do you think there are in town excepting yourself?’ ‘Excepting myself! what do you mean by that,’ quoth Hodge? ‘Nay, don’t be angry,’ says the other, ‘how many are there then including yourself.’

A country gentleman having married a buxom widow, a few weeks after marriage found it necessary to withdraw from the business of love for a little while; but not caring to let his wife into the secret, he procured a subpoena to be sent him to attend as an evidence at one of the courts in London; which, shewing her, he took leave with seeming regret, and set forward on his journey, and was absent about a month. A few days after his return home, the said gentleman and his lady were looking out at a window at their cows grazing in a field adjoining; ‘My dear,’ said he, ‘what is become of the bull which used to be so brisk amongst the cows here?’ ‘Oh! child,’ says she, ‘he’s subpoenaed, I suppose, to the other end of the field.’

King George the second used to say, that to make the marriage state happy, ‘it was necessary that the husband should be deaf, and the wife blind.’

The wise Irishman and his fallad oil.

Patrick O'Blunder, a very sensible and cute Irishman, as my reader will find, came over from the county of Kilkenny to England, in order to get him a service; and in a few days had the good fortune to be hired to Sir Jeremy Trueland near Chester, who the next week after set out with his family for London, and when they came to town, the first day dinner was ready dressed according to Sir Jeremy's order, by a letter to a servant who was left in the house to take care of it; and amongst other things, a fine fallad was prepared to eat with a piece of roast beef; but when Sir Jeremy went to dress it, as he generally did himself, there happened to be no oil in the house, and the rest of the servants being all busy, he called his new Irish footman to go fetch him some; here, says he, Patrick, you must go to some shop and get me a quart of eating oil, any body will tell you where you may have it: so away goes Patrick and runs full drive into the first shop he could see, which happened to be a baker's. I want, says he, a quart of eating oil for my master. I do not sell oil, quoth the man. Arah, replied Patrick, but then you can tell me where they do. Yes, says the baker, I can do that; and going to the door, says he, Here friend, do you see yonder is a jar.— Well a jar, and what is a jar? quoth Patrick — Why, quoth the baker, do you see that great brown thing upon a post, that is a jar, and it is an oil shop, there you may have any sort of oil you want. So away goes Patrick, and runs staring into the oil-shop, as he had done before into the baker's; Arah, fir, says he to the oilman, are you a jar? A jar, quoth the man, no I am no jar, but there is a jar at

the door, I suppose that is what you mean, what might you want pray? Why, says Patrick, I want a quart of eating oil for my master, and I was shent here for it. That you may have, sir, replies the man, but what have you got to put it in? Arah, fait nothing at all, quoth Teague, but you may put it in a piece of paper. Paper, cries the oilman in a surprise, you cannot carry it in paper, why it is a liquid. Arah, well, replies Teague, and what is that to you what it is, cannot you put it in a piece of paper as I desire you? Why, says the man to him again, I tell you you cannot carry it in a piece of paper it will not hold it (here he shewed some of it to Patrick to convince him) look you here, says he, you cannot carry this in paper I believe, can you do you think? Fait, says Teague, dat ish very true, but I can carry it my hat tho'; O, your hat, says the oilman, ay, that is true, so you may if you please.—Fait and sho I will crush down de crown, and carry it wid my hat. Ay, do so, says the man, for he was willing to see the joke; and so down Patrick thrusts the crown of his hat, and into it the man pours the oil; but when this was done, the conveniency he had made would not hold above the half of it; Well, quoth the oilman, where now will you put the rest? Here Patrick, after a little pause, finding his fingers in a cavity in the other side his hat, turns it upside down in an instant, O fait, says he, put it in here; so in the man pours it directly, though ready to burst with laughing; and Patrick put his hat with one corner under his left arm, very well pleased with his contrivance, paid the man for the oil, and away he marches home as fast as he could, with the oil running down from the outside of his hat upon his cloaths

to the very shoes of him. Just as he came to the door, his master (being at the parlour window, and seeing what a condition he was in with the oil and his hat, as I have described it under his arm) ran to the door in a great passion to meet him, and to prevent his coming into the parlour with it. You rascal, says he, how came you in that pickle? What have you in your hat? O fait, sir, says Patrick, but it is de oil that you sent me for. Teague speaking this so seriously, and so seemingly composed, it made his master ready to burst out with laughter, though he was provoked at his ignorance to the greatest degree. Why you blockhead, says he, (for he now conceived Teague's contrivance) I bid you bring me a quart of oil, I am sure there cannot be a quart in your hat, what have you done with the rest? Arrah, fait, sir, replies Patrick, but I have got the rest o'the other side now; so turning his hat upside down again (in the manner he had done before) spilt all the rest upon him; which unexpected turn of ingenuity procured from his master, not only an immoderate fit of laughing, but also an absolute pardon for spoiling his cloaths.

A certain lady of quality, sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charged him to take coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dripping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obeyed his orders. How then, answered the lady, could the stays be so wet, if you took them into the coach with you? 'No, (replied honest Teague) I know my place better, I did not get into the coach, but rode behind as I used to do.'

The late Earl of Shaftesbury kept an Irish footman, who perhaps, was as expert in making bulls as the most learned of his countrymen. My Lord having sent him one day with a present to a certain Judge, the Judge in return, sent his Lordship half a dozen live partridges with a letter. The partridges fluttering in the basket upon Teague's back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, to open the lid of it, to quiet them, upon which they all flew away. O! the devil burn ye, said he, I am glad you are gone. But when he came home, and my Lord had read the letter Why Teague, says his Lordship, I find here are half a dozen partridges in the letter, 'Now, arrah, dear honey, (said Teague) I am glad you have found them in the letter, for they are all lost out of the basket.'

A gentleman went one wet cold night into an inn, in Oxford. As firing is very dear there, a great many people were in the kitchen, and the fire so surrounded he could not get to warm him. Upon seeing this he called for the ostler, and bid him fetch half a peck of oysters, and carry to his horse. 'Oysters for your horse!' says the fellow, grinning: 'What, shells and all!' 'Aye aye,' replied the gentleman, 'carry them to him unopened.' The fellow fetched the oysters immediately, brought them to the gentleman in the kitchen, and asked whether they were really to be carried to his horse? 'For, says he, I never saw a horse eat oysters in my life.' 'No matter for that,' replied the gentleman, 'carry them to him,' Away he went with the oysters to the horse, attended by all the people in the kitchen. In the mean time the gentleman got a rare warm place in the chimney corner, which was what he wanted. He had not

been there long ere the ostler, attended by the persons who had left the kitchen, came to acquaint him with a piece of intelligence he knew before. 'Why, Sir, says he, I have put the oysters into the manger, and the devil of one of them will your horse touch.' 'Like enough, replied the gentleman; why then, as he is not in the humour to eat them now, do you bring the oysters to me, and give my horse half a peck of corn instead of them.'

The Lucky Dream.

Three weary pilgrims travelling together had missed their road, and entered an exceeding thick wood. Night overtaking them before they were able to find their way out of this labyrinth; for which reason they laid themselves down beneath a tree, nigh a refreshing spring of water; and being thirsty, its cool and clear appearance invited them to drink thereof. After they had quenched their thirst, they perceived they had only bread enough for one person, and, that were it divided, it would not satisfy them all. One of them perceiving this, said, 'let us sleep a little before we eat, and he that has the best dream, shall have all the bread, and the other two shall remain content with having none.' 'With all my heart,' says the other. 'I agree to it, says the last, provided all three lies down to sleep together.' The two first, who were more fatigued than their partner, fell fast asleep in a short time, and the youngest, whose stomach did not seem to relish a vacuum, says to himself; I should indeed be a gross fool if I did not take advantage of my companions sleep, and having taken the bread, he eat it, and then,

with great composure fell asleep himself. Midnight had not passed, ere they were all awake, and began to recount their dreams they had during their sleep. 'I thought, says the oldest, that I was in a place upon earth, resembling a paradise, which was full of all manner of delights; where every pleasure was to be found, and every sense gratified; where they drink, sing, and dance; where you walk in the most beautiful gardens; that in these gardens there were flowers that never faded; trees that ever remained a perpetual verdure, and bore excellent fine fruit, parterres and walks; birds, who, by their melodious warbling, charmed the ear; and, that in short, there was every thing that could be thought of to please mankind.'

'As I am naturally of a more wicked turn than you, (says the other) I thought I was gone to hell, where I saw nothing but miserable wretches who were in excruciating torment and agony. I heard nothing but mournful cries and horrid groans; and, while I was thus seized with fear, at sight of so much woe and misery, I awaked; so that I feel great pleasure and satisfaction in having had a dream, that by having terrified me, has given me occasion to be diverted afterwards, by the remembrance of it, which has made so great an impression on me, that it still remains on my mind, and for that very reason it is, that I pretend, that my dream is, without comparison, better than yours.'

'I,' says the youngest, stretching his arms, and yawning, 'have likewise been dreaming at the same time, with you both, that you was gone to paradise, and the other to hell; I, imagining within myself that neither of you would ever return again, in mistake have eat the bread, and by that means have gained the wager.'

A judge being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, directed the jury to value it at ten-pence. Upon which the prosecutor cries out, 'The fashion of it cost five pounds.' 'O! says the judge, we must not hang a man for fashion sake.'

An English gentleman being taken ill of a yellow fever at Jamaica; a lady, who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician that attended him, the propriety of making his will in a country where people are so apt to die. The physician, thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, 'Arrah, by my shoul, Madam, I wish you would tell me that country where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there.'

Reasons why a gardener is the most extraordinary man in the world; addressed to a lady: Because no man has more business upon earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his thyme, he is master of the mint, and fingers penny-royal. He raises cellary every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a plumb. He meets with more boughs than a minister of state. He makes more beds than the French King, and has in them more painted ladies. He makes raking his business more than his diversion, as many other gentlemen do, but makes it an advantage to his health and fortune, which few others do. His wife has enough of lad's-love and heart's-ease, and never wishes for weeds. Distempers fatal to others, never hurt him. He walks the better for the gravel, and thrives most in a consumption. His greatest pride, and the world's greatest envy, is, that he can have yew when he pleases.

Certain University scholars, who passed some days at an Inn, determined, at going away, to joke with their landlord. Having made him sit down, they endeavoured to persuade him, that in every nineteen thousand years, there was a revolution in all terrestrial affairs; that the same people were born again, and passed their lives exactly in the same manner as they had done before; that it was so likewise with all brute animals, and, in short, that all transactions were repeated at every revolution. 'Now, landlord,' said they, 'it happens that we are a little short of cash, and can't conveniently pay you: But, as we shall certainly be here again nineteen thousand years hence, we will as certainly pay you then; and so honest and well behaved a man as you appear to be, will, doubtless take our words for it.' The Inn-keeper heard them with a very grave countenance; and, after some little consideration, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I have no objection to what you propose; for I hope I deserve the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, being willing to do what little good I can in the world, and to oblige others in all reasonable requests. But you are to consider, that you were here nineteen thousand years ago, at which time you had the same entertainment you have had now; and I well remember, you then made me the same promise you now make me, and went away without paying. You have, therefore gentlemen, nothing to do, but discharge that former reckoning, according to your promise; and, as to the present reckoning, I'll give you nineteen thousand years credit for it with all my heart.'

An arch boy being at table, where there was a piping hot apple-pye, putting a bit into his mouth,

burnt it so, that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, asked him, Why he wept? 'Only, said he, because it is just come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth.' 'Pho! says the other, is that all?' So, whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathised with the boy, who, seeing his eyes brimful, with a malicious sneer, asked him, Why he wept? 'A pox on you, said he, because you were not hanged, you young dog, the same day your grandmother died.'

The Quack Doctor's Oration.

Good people, I Waltho Van Cluttrebank, High German doctor, chymist and dentifricator, native of Arabia Deserta, citizen and burgomaster of the city of Brandipolis, seventh son of a seventh son, unborn doctor of above sixty years experience; having studied over Galen, Hypocrates, Albumazar, and Paracelsus, am now become the Esculapius of this age, having been educated at twelve Universities, and travelled through fifty two Kingdoms, and been counsellor to the counsellors of several monarchs, natural son of the wonder-working chymical doctor Signior Hanefio, lately arrived from the farthest part of Utopia, famous throughout all Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, from the sun's oriental exaltation, to his occidental declination: out of mere pity to my own dear self, and languishing mortals, have, by the earnest prayers and entreaties of several Lords, Earls, Dukes, and honourable personages, been at last prevailed upon to oblige the world with this notice.

That all persons young and old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable, may know

H

where to repair for cure, in all cephalagia's, paralytic paroxysms, palpitations of the pericardium, empyemas, Syncope and Nafeties, arising either from a plethory, or a cacochymy, vertiginous vapours, hydiocephalus dyffenterys, odontalgic or podagrical inflammations, iliac passions, ictterical effusions, exanthemata, the hen pox, the hog pox, the whore's pox, and the small pox, the ascites, tympanites, anasarca, and the entire legion of Lethiferous distempers.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I have a never failing stiptic, corroborating odoriferous, anedinous, balsamic balsam of balsams, made of dead mens fat, rosin and goose grease; which infallibly restores lost maidenheads, raises demolished noses, and by its absterfive, cosmetic quality, preserves superannuated bawds from wrinkles.

Item, I have the true carthramophra of the Tripple Kingdom, my never failing Hiliogenes, being the tincture of the sun, deriving vigour, influence, and dominion from the same light: causes all complexions to laugh or smile, at the very time of taking it: is seven years in preparing, and being completed, secundum artem, by fermentation, cohabation, calcination, sublimation, fixation, philtration, circulation, and quidlibification, in balneo mariæ, crucible and fixatory, the anthanor, cucurbita and reverbatory, is the only soveraign medicine in the world.

This is nature's palladium, health's magazine, it works seven manner of ways, in order as nature herself requires, for it scorns to be confined to any particular way of operation; so that it effecteth the cure either hypnotically, hydrotically, cathartically: poppismatically, hydrogogically, Pneumatically, or synechdochically: it mundifies the

hypogastrium, wipes off absterfively, those conglomerated senacious sedimental fordes, that adhere to the œsophagus and viscera; extinguishes all supernatural fermentations and ebullations, and, in fine, annihilates all nosotrophical morbidic ideas of the whole corporeal compages.

A scruple of it is worth a bushel of March dust: for if a man chance to have his brains beat out, or his head copped off, two drops, (I say) two drops, gentlemen, seasonably applied, will recall the fleeting spirits, re-inthroned the deposed archeus, cement the discontinuity of the parts, and in six minutes, restore the lifeless trunk to all its pristine functions, vital, natural and animal; so that this, believe me gentlemen, is the only sovereign remedy in the world.

I have the chief antepudenda Gragan specific in Venus's regalia, which infalliably cures the French pox, with all its train of gonorrhœas, bubos and shankers, carnosities, pharimos, paraphymosis, cristaline, priapismus, caudalomata and regaces, without baths or stoves, and that with as much pleasure as the same was contracted: so that it is worth any person's while to get the modish distemper once a fortnight, if it be to be had for love or money, to enjoy the benefit of so diverting a remedy.

I have the panchymagogon of Hermes Trismegistus, an incomparable spagyric tincture of the moon's horns, which is the only infallible antidote against the contagion of cuckoldom.

Besides my Vermifugus fulvis, or antivermatical worm conquering powder, so famous for destroying all the sorts of them, incident to human bodies, breaking their complicated knots in the duodenum, and dissolving the phlegmatic crudities that produce these anthropohagous vermine: it hath

brought away worms by urine, as long as the May-pole in the Strand, when it flourished in its primitive prolixity, though, I confess, not altogether so thick.

Look ye good people, I have it under the hands and seals of all the greatest Sultans, Sophys, Basbas, Viziers, Chans, Serafsquiers, and Muftis, &c. in Christendom, to verificate the truth of my operations, that I have actually performed such cures as are really beyond human abilities.

I cured Prestor John's godmother, to the great admiration of all the court, of a stupendous dolor above the Os Sacrum, so that the good old Lady really feared the perdition of her huckle bone; I did it by fomenting her posteriors, with a mummy of nature, alias, called pilgrim's salve, mixed up with the spirit of mugwort, tartaragraphated thorough an alembic of christelline transfluency.

Thence was I sent for to Sultan Gilgon, Despote of Bosnia, who was violently afflicted with the spas-mus. He came to meet me three hundred leagues in a go-cart: but I gave him so speedy an acquittance of his dolor, that the next night I caused him to dance a saraband, with flipflaps and formerfets.

I restored virility and the comforts of generation, to above an hundred and fifty Eunuchs in the grand Signior's Seraglio; and, by a pair of prolific pills, lately caused a vintner's widow, who had been barren all her days, to conceive of a man child in the twelfth lustre of her age, without the help of her husband.

I cured likewise the Dutcheffs of Bromolpho of the cramp in her tongue, and the Count de Rodomontado Correet with an iliac passion, contracted by eating butter'd parsnips.

I also cured an Alderman at Grand Cairo, who had been sick seven years of the plague, in forty-six minutes : and by tha like empyrical remedies, I lately cured Duke Philorix, of a dropsy, of which he died.

Veniente occurite morbo, down with your dust. Principiis obsta, no cure, no money. Quærenda pecunia primum, be not sick too late.

You that are willing to render yourselves immortal, buy this packet, or else repair to the sign of the Prancers in Vico vulgo dicto Rattlecliffero, something south-east of the Templum Danicum, in the Square of Profound Close, not far from Titter Tatter Fair, and you may see, hear, and return reinfecta.

In the time of the wars between the Duke of Marlborough's army and the French, in the reign of Queen Anne, it was a constant practice with the French court to cause illuminations and bonfires to be made in Paris, after every battle, whether their army got the better or not, in order to keep up the spirits of the people. And once, when the English had totally defeated the French, and great illuminations were made as usual ; a marshal of France merrily said, ' By my honour, the people of our nation are like flint stones, the more you beat them, the more fire they make.'

Beau Nash was one evening employed in collecting Money for the Bath Hospital. A lady entered, who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity ; and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, and said, ' You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket.' Yes Madam, says

he, that I will with pleasure, if your grace will, tell me when to stop :’ Then taking an handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, one, two, three, four, five, ‘ Hold ! hold ! says the Duchess, consider what you are about !’ ‘ Consider your rank and fortune, Madam, says Nash,’ and continued telling, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Here the Duchess called again, and seem’d angry. ‘ Pray compose yourself, Madam, said Nash, and don’t interrupt the work of charity ;’ eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.’ Here the Duchess storm’d, and caught hold of his hand. ‘ Peace, Madam, says, Nash, you shall have your name written in letters of gold, Madam ;’ sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty. ‘ I won’t pay a farthing more says the Duchess.’ Charity hides a multitude of sins, replies Nash ;’ twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. ‘ Nash, says she, I protest you frighten me out of my wits. L—d I shall die !’ ‘ Madam, you will never die with doing good ; and if you do, it will be the better for you, answered Nash,’ and was about to proceed ; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued : when he, after much altercation agreed to stop his hand, and compound with her Grace for thirty guineas. The Duchess, however, seem’d displeas’d the whole evening ; and when he came to the table where she was playing, bid him, ‘ stand farther, an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him.’ But her Grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her : ‘ Come says she, I’ll be friends with you tho’ you are a fool ; and to let you see I am not angry, there are ten guineas more for your charity.’

An Evening's Adventure at Vauxhall.

A citizen and his two daughters being at Vauxhall, heartily grudged every thing his daughters asked for ; after some talk—‘ Come, come, (said the old don) it is high time to go to supper.’ To this the ladies readily assented : and one of the Misses said, ‘ Do let us have a chick a piece, Papa.’ ‘ Zounds, (said the father) they are half a crown a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow.’ Here the old lady took him up—‘ You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody, and what signifies a few shillings once in a way when a body is about it !’ This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest Miss had courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, the honest Cit twisted the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance, then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, ‘ How much there was of it.’—‘ A shilling’s worth, Sir,’ says the fellow.—‘ Prithee,’ said the Don, ‘ how much dost think it weighs ?’ ‘ An ounce.’ ‘ A shilling an ounce ! that is sixteen shillings per pound ! a reasonable profit, truly ! let me see, suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds :—at a shilling per ounce, that is only sixteen shillings per pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham ; and, if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them, and cures them himself,

they don't stand him in ten shillings a piece.' The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if the people must not live; then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman at every bit he put in his mouth, amused himself with saying—'there goes two pence!'—'there goes three-pence!'—'there goes a groat!'—'Zounds! a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tom tit.' This scanty repast we may imagine was soon dispatched, and it was with much difficulty, our honest Citizen was prevailed on, to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our Don took a piece of an old news-paper from his pocket, gravely wrapping up the meat in it, and placed it carefully in his letter-case. 'I'll keep thee as a curiosity till my dying day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks.' Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—'why now, (says he) to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff, at any Tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.' A dish of tarts, cheesecakes, and custards, next make their appearance at the request of the ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, 'that they were four times as dear as the pastry cooks.' Supper being ended, Madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine. 'My dear, we must have some wine, or we shall not be looked upon you know!' 'Well,

well, (says the Don) that is right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?—Here, drawer, what wine have you got?' The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—'We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts and please yor honour; would you have a bottle of champagne, or burgundy, or claret, or'——'No, no, none of your wisby-washy outlandish rotgut for me; interrupted the Citizen.—A tankard of the Alderman, beats all the red claret wine in the French King's cellar.—But, come, bring us a bottle of sound old port: And, do you hear? Let it be good.' While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, 'because (said she) it was ungentleel to smoak, where any ladies were in company.' When the wine came, our Citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, 'Aye, aye, said he, the bottom has had a good kick—and mind how confoundedly it is pinched on the sides—not above five gills I warrant.—An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them.—But let us see how it is brewed.' He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips drank it off: But declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing it off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies having also drank a glass round, affirmed it very good and felt warm in the stomach: And even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour, by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another pint, but charged

the waiter to pick out an honest one. Whilst the glass was then circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the garden, the Citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: The eldest Miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was solitary: Little Miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would learn it, if she could but carry home the tune: And the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spying-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheesecakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to be quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerned only the Gentleman, the Ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself; only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared, 'It was reasonable considering.' Our Citizen bore his misfortune with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over the articles, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bid the drawer bring change for six-pence, then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings, which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he

laid down two-pence in the same exact order: then calling for the waiter,—‘there, says he, there’s your damage—thirteen and two-pence—and hark—ye, there’s three pence over for yourself.’ The remaining penny he put into his coat pocket, and chinking it,—‘this says he, will serve for a paper of tobacco to-morrow.’ The family now prepared themselves for going, and as there were some slight drops of rain, Madam buttoned up the old gentleman’s coat, that he might not spoil his waistcoat, and made him flap his hat, over which she tied her pocket-handkerchief to save his wig; and as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out over his shoulders. In these acoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat turned over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the gardens, and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, young Miss asked, ‘When shall we come again papa?’—‘Come again!’ (said he) ‘What a-pox would you ruin me? Once in one’s life is enough; and I think I have done very handsome. Why it would not have cost me four-pence half-penny to have spent my evening at Sot’s Hole; and with the cursed coach hire, and altogether, here’s almost a pound gone, and nothing to shew for it.’ ‘Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you,’ (replied the old Lady) ‘you are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure; and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world—and they shall.’ The old Don was

not willing to pursue the argument any longer, and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute, by saying. ‘ Come come, let us make haste, wife, or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again, —and, to-morrow you know is Sunday.

An Irishman wanting to cross the water, asked a waterman what he would have to carry him to the other side ? The man said Two-pence. ‘ Arrah my dear Honey, (replied the Irishman,) that I will give you with all my heart.’ The man rowed him over ; and, when they were landed, the Irishman gave him two-pence ; and asked him if he was now on the other side of the water ? No Sir, (answered the waterman,) you are on this side the water : ‘ Then (says the Irishman,) what shall I give you to carry me to the other side ?’ Two-pence, replied the waterman. ‘ Arrah now Honey, will you be sure to carry me to the other side of the water for that ?’ said the Irishman. The man assured him he would, and accordingly rowed him back again. Being landed the Irishman gave him two-pence, and then asked him, ‘ If he was sure he was now on the other side of the water ?’ The man reply’d, ‘ No Sir, you are on this side the water.’ ‘ Why then, Joy, (said the Irishman,) I perceive you are an arrant fool ; therefore I’ll go to Black-friar’s, and walk over the bridge ; for I find there is no getting on the other side of the water, but only by land-carriage.’

A man who was blind of an eye, met very early one morning, a crook-back’d man, to whom he said, Friend, you are loaded betimes : the crooked man replied, It must indeed be betimes, since you have got but one of your windows open.

An actor of one of the London theatres, who is remarked for keeping his hand in his breeches, was ordered on for one of the centinals in the tragedy of Hamlet; as soon as it came to this gentleman's turn to speak, he walked in the above situation, up to Bernardo, and asked him with a very audible voice, 'has this *thing* appeared again to-night?' which threw the audience into such a fit of laughter, that the entertainment was interrupted for a considerable time.

Shuter and Weston were rivals with regard to a very handsome lady, who was the wife of a justice of peace; and meeting unexpectedly one evening upon the stair-case leading to the lady's bed-chamber, a pretty severe scuffle ensued, in which some black eyes were interchanged. Midas, who entered at this critical moment, ran up stairs to know the cause of this disturbance, when the combatants kicked the justice, in the person of the cornuto, out of doors, and then agreed to toss up for the lady.

Lord Eglinton telling the late duke of York, 'that the old dowager of C—n had married very improperly, that she was rank flesh, or she had never taken matrimony into her head at her years;' 'no,' replied the duke, 'she has more of the fish in her, for it is plain she was steered by her tail.'

A modest gentlewoman being compelled by her mother to accuse her husband of insufficiency, and being in the court, humbly desired of the judge that she might write her mind, and not be obliged to speak it; for modesty's sake, the judge gave her that liberty, and the clerk was immediately ordered to give her pen, ink and paper; whereupon she took the pen, without dipping it into the ink, and made as if she would write; says the clerk to her,

*I

‘ madam, there’s no ink in your pen ;’ truly, she says she, ‘ that’s just my case, and therefore I need not explain any farther.’

A Lord Chancellor said of a young wench, who constantly plied about the Temple, ‘ that if she had as much law in her head as she had in her tail, she would be one of the most able council in England.’

A young lady, with a good fortune, bestowed herself upon a wild young fellow : ‘ well, says the old lady, her aunt, for all you were so eager to have him, you will have your belly full of him in a little time, I’ll warrant you.’

Lady L—— and her two daughters having taken lodgings at a leather breeches-maker’s in Maiden-lane, the sign of the cock and breeches, was always put to the blush when she was obliged to give any body directions to her lodgings, the sign being so odd ; upon which, my lady, a very good sort of woman sending for her landlord, a likely young fellow, told him, ‘ she liked him and his lodgings very well, but must be forced to quit him on account of his sign, for she was ashamed to tell any body what it was.’ ‘ Oh, dear madam, said the young fellow, I would do any thing rather than lose so good lodgers, I can easily alter my sign ;’ ‘ so I think, replied my lady, and I’ll tell you how you may please both me and my daughters, only take down your breeches and let your cock stand.’

One meeting an acquaintance, says to him, with a kind of secret joy, ‘ I’ll tell you a piece of news, my friend, between you and I, my wife’s with child.’ ‘ Between you and I, answered the other, you are greatly mistaking for I have not lain with your wife these twelve months.’

A linen draper being asked by a woman, 'how much would be sufficient to make a shift?' told her, if she was a reasonable woman, 'she might make a shift with one yard.'

A music master teaching lady L——r, a piece of music of his own composing, they came to a note with a dot, which make any note where it is placed half as long again; this not being fully intelligible, occasioned the lady to miss her time, which the other observing, says, 'madam, you have forgotten the prick.' 'Lord, sir, I did not see it.' 'I beg pardon, madam, says the music master, I see my prick is too small.' The lady merrily said, never mind it, sir, let me put my hand to it, I will soon make it bigger.'

A forward girl being in company of two or three with her mother, must needs whip her hand up her petticoats and scratch her ——. 'Lord, child, says the mother in a pet, what are you about?' 'Only laying the itching of that which you have often plagued my poor father to do for you.'

Nancy Parsons speaking of the Marquis of Rockingham, said, with a knowing air, 'that his merit was a poor story indeed, since he had neither head nor tail.'

Colonel Mordaunt said, 'that a gap in chastity was like a chasm in a young tree, always widening.'

A country clergyman, who was spending an evening with some of his fair parishioners, requested one of them, a young lady about eighteen, to give a toast, which she immediately complied with, and gave 'truth.' The parson observed it was a very good toast, but he did not conceive the whole

of its excellency 'till he was at church the Sunday afterwards, when Mr. Amen gave out part of the psalm, with a very audible voice in these words, 'His truth at all times firmly stood.' The parson from thence was convinced of the ingenious meaning of the lady, and acknowledged it to be orthodox wit.

A young gentleman attempting to get into Drury-lane play-house, found there was such a croud of people that there was no room. Just without the door, a damsel of the town accosted him with 'can't you get in, sir?' to which he replied in the negative. 'If you'll go along with me, resumed she you may get in very easily, for I can furnish you with very good standing room.'

The duke of D——t being in company with some ladies who talked very amorously, felt an odd sort of motion in his breeches, 'so he whispered lady D—— in her ear, and told her, that his fusée was cock'd,' 'is it so, says she, then you may fire at me, if you please, I'll stand ye, I am not afraid of your flints, altho' there be two of them.'

A beautiful young creature of thirteen years of age being to be married to a strapping fellow of thirty; the young lady's mother was severely rallied at a tea-table conversation for consenting to such an unequal match; the mother said in her defence, 'that she had much rather her daughter should smart than itch.'

Lord H——n assured a young lady that he would do any thing to serve her: 'If I was poor and necessitous, said the lady, I make no doubt but you would express yourself in a different manner.' 'Indeed, madam, I would not, replied his lordship, for if you was naked I would cover you.'

Lady G—v—r to excuse herself for a frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate friend of her's; 'Lord, how is it possible for a woman to keep her cabinet unpickt, when every fellow has got a key to it.'

Sirrah, says justice Ad—n to one brought before him, 'you are an arrant knave;' says the prisoner, 'just as your worship spoke, the clock struck two.'

A country maid riding to market, her mare stumbled in the middle of the market place, and threw her topsy turvy, shewing all for nothing; but she, receiving no harm by the fall, speedily got up again, and turning herself to the laughing people, said, 'firs, did you never see the like before?' 'never but once, said a countryman, and that was a black one.'

Dr. R—, who was not the humblest man in the world, being sent for by the late duke of Devon—, who was said to be one of the proudest, the duke received him while he was dressing his feet, and picking his toes, being at that time troubled with a diabetes; and upon the doctor's entering the room, accosted him in this manner, 'fo' quack, said he, I'm a dead man, for I piss sweet?' 'Do you, replied the doctor, than prithee piss upon your toes, for they stink damnably;' and so turning round on his heel, went out of the room.

As counsellor Messing was pleading before lord Mansfield, he asked his lordship, 'Whether the lawyer or the physician was to have the precedency in any judicial affair?' says my lord, 'Pray who goes first, the criminal or the executioner?' the criminal, replied the pleader: 'says his lordship, the lawyer may go first, as the thief and the physician follow after as the executioner.'

A man that lost an eye having married a girl whom he supposed to be a virgin, was very much enraged not to find her so, and rebuked her in the severest terms; but she answered, 'Why would you have me perfect, when you yourself have lost an eye, 'tis from my enemies, replies the husband, that I have received that injury, and 'tis from my friends, says the girl, that I have received mine.'

Lord D—n told Betty Careless upon shewing her legs, that they were very handsome, and so much alike that they must needs be twins: 'but indeed, said she, you are mistaken, for I have had more than two or three between them.'

A wench coming to confession, confessed abundance of sins, but the chief was lying with men, 'well, says the friar, whoredom is a thing does much displease God,' 'I am sorry for that, said she, for I am sure it pleased me.'

A fellow having his breeches torn between his legs, that something hung out, which being spied by a young lass, she asked him, 'what it was?' 'he told her it was his purse.' 'Your purse, says she, if that be your purse, then I am sure my purse is cut.'

A gentleman seeing from his window Dr. Rock, who was going along the street, he, in order to ridicule him as an ignorant fellow, said to him, 'where are you going, Mr. Farrier?' replied Rock, 'I am going to cure your worship's wife.'

One said to his friend, 'I hear your wife is quick already;' 'Yes, says he, a pox on her, she is very nimble, I have had her but a month, and she is eady to lie down.'

As the celebrated Mrs. B—— was going one Sunday to mass, met an upstart peasant at the church-door, who was for aping a gentleman, when she, in order to ridicule him, asked him, 'if the mass for the peasants was ended;' he immediately replied, 'madam, it is ended, and that of the strumpets is just beginning, make haste in, and you'll be time enough with the rest.'

A gentleman reading the anecdote which lately appeared relative to the late Mr. Whitefield's using the phrase, that 'he was beating up for volunteers for the Lord,' observed, 'that having raised as many recruits as he could, he is now gone to join his regiment.'

King Charles the second and the Duke of Ormond discoursing of the prettiest women of several countries, says the King to the Duke, 'my lord, you have pretty women in Ireland, but they have great legs;' 'O, that's nothing, please you my leige, lay them aside, search for other beauties.'

One asked another what such a one was, 'he told him a proctor of the court, and doth some business of my wife's;' 'poh, says the other, he does no business of thy wife's, but does thy business upon thy wife.'

A good humoured wife abusing her husband on his mercenary disposition, told him, 'that if she was dead, he would marry the devil's eldest daughter if he could get any thing by it.' 'True, replied the husband, but the worst of it is, one cannot marry two sisters.'

A certain lady, finding her husband somewhat too familiar with her chamber-maid, turning her away, saying, 'hussy, I have no occasion for such sluts as you, I hired you to do your own business, not mine.'

P O E M S.

The following Poems first appeared in the Rambler's Magazine.

The GERANIUM.

IN the close covert of a grove,
 By nature form'd for scenes of love,
 Said Susan, in a lucky hour,
 Observe yon sweet Geranium flow'r;
 How straight upon its stalk it stands,
 And tempts our violating hands;
 While the soft bud, as yet unspread,
 Hangs down its pale, declining head:
 Yet, soon as it is ripe to blow,
 The stem shall rise, the head shall glow:
 Nature, said I, my lovely Sue,
 To all her followers lends a clue;
 Her simple laws, themselves explain,
 As links of one continual chain;
 For her the mysteries of creation,
 Are but the works of generation;
 Yon blushing, strong, triumphant flow'r,
 Is in the crisis of its power.
 But short, alas, its vigorous reign,
 He sheds his seed, and drops again;
 The bud that hangs in pale decay,
 Feels not, as yet, the plastic ray:
 To-morrow's sun shall bid him rise,
 Then too he sheds his seed, and dies.
 But words, my love, are vain and weak,
 For proof, let bright example speak;
 Then straight before the wond'ring maid,
 The tree of life I gently laid;

Observe, sweet Sue, his drooping head,
 How pale, how languid, and how dead!
 Yet, let the sun of thy bright eyes
 Shine but a moment, it shall rise;
 Let but the dew of thy soft hand
 Refresh the stem, it straight shall stand.
 Already see it swells, it grows,
 Its head is redder than the rose!
 It's shrivell'd fruit, of dusky hue,
 Now glows a present fit for Sue;
 The balm of life each artery fills,
 And in o'erflowing drops distills:
 "Ah! me!" cry'd Susan, "whence is this?
 What strange tumultuous throbs of bliss?
 Sure, never mortal, till this hour,
 Felt such emotion at a flower;
 Oh, serpent, cunning to deceive,
 Sure 'tis this tree that tempted Eve;
 'The crimson apples hang so fair,
 Alas! what woman could forbear?
 Well hast thou guess'd, my love, I cry'd,
 It is the tree by which she died;
 The tree which could alone content her,
 All nature, Susan, seeks the centre,
 Yet, let us still poor Eve forgive,
 It is the tree by which we live;
 For lovely woman still it grows,
 And in the centre only blows.
 But chief for thee, it spreads its charms,
 For Paradise is in thy arms.——
 I ceas'd, for nature kindly hee,
 Began to whisper in her ear!
 And lovely Sue lay softly panting,
 While the Geranium tree was planting;
 Till in the heat of am'rous strife,
 She burst the mellow fruit of life.
 "Oh heav'n!" cry'd Susan, with a sigh,
 "The hour we taste—we surely die;

Strange raptures seize my fainting frame,
 And all my body glows with flame,
 Yet, let me snatch one parting kiss,
 To tell my love I die with bliss !
 That, pleas'd, thy Susan yields her breath,
 Oh ! who would live, if this be death !”

The BIRTH of the ROSE.*

“**C**OME, bind my brows with Venus flow'r ;
 “ —Here, Boy !—another fragrant show'r
 “ A waste of roses ;—Heap them higher ;”
 So sung Anacreon to his lyre,
 As on the tender bed he lay,
 And quaff'd and sported out the day ;
 When Venus—(so the poet sung,)
 First from the foam of ocean sprung,
 All dropping wet, all glowing fair,
 Distilling sweets her amber hair :
 As coral red her pulpy lips ;
 Full as the swelling surge her hips ;
 And full her bosom, heaving strong,
 Like wave propelling wave along ;
 Smooth set her teeth in even rows,
 White as the foam from whence she rose ;
 And shaded soft, a mossy grove
 Hung o'er the saline cell of love,
 —Thus breathing youth and untouch'd charms,
 Mars seiz'd her in his ardent arms ;
 And, spread amidst in vernal gloom,
 All nerve, compress'd her virgin bloom.

* The followers of the Mohammed are said to believe, that the first rose sprung out of a drop of his sweat.

Trickling from love's delicious wound
 Some sanguine drops bedew'd the ground ;
 When straight a living crimson spreads,
 And new-born roses rear'd their heads.

Their tincture thence—but the sweet gale,
 The dews ambrosial they exhale,
 Their balmy soul her sigh bestow'd
 Deep as she felt the potent God ;
 —And still the prickly thorns declare,
 How mix'd with pain her raptures were.

The K I S S of L Y D I A.

L OVELY Lydia ! lovely maid !
 Either rose in thee's display'd ;
 Roses of a blushing red,
 O'er thy lips, and cheeks are shed :
 Roses of a paly hue
 In thy fairer charms we view.
 Now thy braided hair unbind ;
 Now luxuriant, unconfin'd,
 Let thy wavy tresses flow ;
 Tresses bright of burnish'd glow !
 Bare thy iv'ry neck, my fair !
 Now thy snowy shoulders bare !
 Bid the vivid lustre rise
 In thy passion-streaming eyes :
 See ! the lucent meteors gleam,
 See ! they speak the wishful flame !
 And how gracefully above,
 Modell'd from the bow of love,
 Are thy arching brows display'd ;
 Softning in a sable shade :
 Let a warmer crimson streak
 The velvet of thy downy cheek ;

Let thy lips, that breathe perfume,
 Deeper purple now assume :
 Give me little billing kisses,
 Intermixt with murm'ring blisses——

Soft, my love !—my angel, stay ;
 Soft !—you suck my breath away !
 Drink the life drops of my heart !
 Draw my soul from ev'ry part !
 Scarce my senses can sustain
 So much pleasure ! so much pain !

Hide thy broad, voluptuous breast !
 Hide thy balmy heav'n of rest !
 See ! to feast th' enamour'd eyes,
 How the snowy hillocks rise ;
 Parted by the luscious vale,
 When luxurious sweet exhale :
 Nature fram'd thee but t'inspire
 Never ending, fond desire !

Again ! above its envious vest,
 See ! thy bosom heaves confest !
 Hide the rapt'rous, dear delight !
 Hide it from my ravish'd sight !
 Hide it !—for thro' all my soul,
 Tides of madd'ning transports roll !
 Venting now th' impassion'd sigh,
 See me languish ! see me die !

Tear not from me then thy charms !
 Snatch ! oh ! snatch me to thy arms ;
 With a life-inspiring KISS,
 Wake my sinking soul to bliss !

The L A D Y ' s C H O I C E.

BY a couple of lovers was Lucy address'd,
 And to many with earnestness equally prest

The one was a youth piping hot from the college,
 The other a fellow replete with town knowledge:
 To gain her good graces both studiously try'd,
 But in diff'rent directions their flatt'ry applied:
 The classical lover paid court to her mind,
 To her person the buck all his incense confin'd.—
 Determin'd, at length, to declare her fix'd choice,
 For the latter she gave her definitive voice;
 She rejected the scholar, though *Master of Arts*,
 And *stuck* to the man with his *natural Parts*.

THE WIFE'S WONDER.

WHEN the gay Lady L—— was inform'd at a
 rout,
 That among the *horned beasts* a disease was broke
 out;
 She dealt her cards round her with this repartee,
 "I wonder, extremely, *Sir Francis is free.*"

CELIA'S OPINION.

WHILST Celia and I (as transported we lay)
 Were indulging our senses in amorous play;
 Whilst her round-heaving breasts, and her languish-
 ing eyes
 Set my soul all on fire with a wanton surprize;
 Prithee tell me, says I, without any demur,
 If an Opera, or Play, child, you chiefly prefer?
 The question in short was no sooner propos'd,
 Than the exquisite fair one her mind thus disclos'd:
 "The delight of the former I highly approve,
 (For harmony sooths us to raptures in love)
 But the last so far charms in a greater Degree,
 As the pleasure of *Five Acts* exceeds that of *Three*.

The AMOROUS WIDOW's *Resolution.*

ENCREASE and multiply was heav'n's command,
 And that's a text I clearly understand.
 I've had full many a merry wanton fit,
 And trust in Jove, I may have many yet,
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
 Shall die and leave his woeful wife behind, }
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find. }
 I envy not their bliss if he or she,
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity :
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
 And use the copious talent it has given.
 I'll make my lord and master do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night.

On the 77th regiment of Highlanders marching from
 Bideford, addressed to a young lady, who parti-
 cularly distinguished those gentlemen.

THE scarlet coats, and petticoats,
 Have left you and the town,
 What think you now, won't breeches do
 As well when they are down ?

ANSWER to the above, by the young Lady.

NO ! I am sure behind the door,
 The petticoat's more clever ;
 'Tis sooner up and sooner dropt
 So Highland lads for ever.

E P I T A P H S.

On the late Lady Vane.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
 Took wise St. Paul's advice, and all *things*
 try'd,
 Nor stop'd she here, but follow'd thro' the rest,
 And always stuck to the *largest* as the *best*.

On Mary Fletcher.

UNderneath this stone lies one,
 Who many times I've lain upon,
 I've kiss'd her *sitting, standing, lying,*
 When she rises have at her *flying*.

*On a Tallow-Chandler, intended for a Tomb in
 St. Bride's Church-yard.*

GRIM Death within his clutches handles,
 Poor honest Dick, who liv'd by candles;
 He always loved a bit of fat,
 And mix'd it with his common chat.
 His candles were of all dimensions,
 And suited well for all intentions;
 Long-fixes, eights, and even tens,
 For woman's use, or eke for mens,
 He made of such delightful stuff,
 That nothing wasted but the snuff.
 But now alas! his rush, his cotton,
 His melting tub are all forgotten:

His mould mislaid, his candles out,
 How strangely theſe things come about !
 But, gentle reader, don't deſpair,
 Tho' Dick from buſineſs does repair,——
 Since all his actions were upright,
 They may hereafter come *to light*.

St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London.

HERE lies one *More*, and no more than he,
One More, and *no more*, how can that be ?
 Why one *More* and *no more* may well lie here alone,
 But here lies *one More*, that's *more* than one.

EPIGRAMS.

SAYS John Wilkes to a lady, pray name if you
 can,
 Of all your acquaintance, the handſomeſt man ;
 The lady replied, if you'd have me ſpeak true
 He's the handſomeſt man that's the moſt unlike you.

*Pin'd to a ſheet, in which a Woman ſtood to do Penance
 in the Church.*

HERE ſtand I, for whores as great
 To caſt a ſcornful eye on ;
 Should each whore here be deem'd a ſheet,,
 You'd ſoon have none to lie on.

On a Window in a Coffee-houſe.

IF kiſſes were the only joys in bed,
 The women would with one another wed.

SENTIMENTS and TOASTS.

The first 24 are taken from the Rambler's Magazine.

MAY he never have an empty purse who spends
freely on the ladies.

Long members and short parliaments.

To the curate who requires a bishop.

The woman who will *lye*, and her friend who will
stand to it.

She who will not fear what man can do unto her.

The blind fellow, who enters into perilous engage-
ments, and is best pleased when he gets his
head broke.

May *On-flow* never *come on* at all.

The lady who likes her business *over-done*.

The royal button manufactory; and may every good
button find a good button-hole.

The mono syllable in the middle of a good subject.

The charitable woman—that leads the blind, cloaths
the naked, and sends the rich empty away.

May we ride till sixty without *falling off*.

May we divide, in order to multiply.

The two first words of the third psalm, Lord How.

Business done in a crack.

Success to the Theatre of Smock Alley.

May every honest *heart* be a long *liver*, and never
want good *lungs*.

May Momus keep the curtain up, till Nature lets
it fall.

May we cast off the furtout of stupidity, put on le-
vity's livery, and pass through life in the
garment of gaiety.

May wit and good-humour join with love, and dance
the hays to the fiddle of friendship.

May insolence travel the road of ridicule, and ignorance stand melancholy as a mile stone.

May a mannerly method of modulating matters, attend all difficult cases.

May Momus murder melancholy, and Saturn sit fighting.

That which Eve wanted—A-dam.

An Irish Lady's Toast.

The Kilkenny boy, that *runs* while he *stands*.

May mutual love be attended with frequent repetition and vigour equal to our wishes.

May the streams of rapture meet each other and seize life in the middle current.

All Fortune's daughters but the eldest.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

The industrious maid that scours the yard, and keeps the stones clean.

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Girls fair, fond, and frisky.

The best in the bush.

The linen manufactory. A smock in one hand, and a yard in the other.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

To the cock that treads his hen,

Claps his wings and treads again.

Girls lecherous, kind and willing.

Adam's dagger.

The female chymist.

May our passions be slaves to us, not we to our passions.

The mother of all saints.

The magic ring.

The soldier's command, to the breast-work advance,
and then batter in breach.

May our members stand stiff to the commodities of
Great Britain.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the
heart.

May a standing member never want a place to spend
his time in.

The Indian way of fighting ; laying upon our bellies
and firing through bushes.

The female reaper, that never leaves a handful stand-
ing.

The lamb-like lass, that wags her tail when she re-
ceives the nipple.

The industrious wife, that saves what her husband
spends.

A R I D D L E.

FOR length, and strength I am admir'd ;
For work that's warm I am requir'd !
And very often I am plac'd
By open legs to be embrac'd ;
Then soon again I'm put to use,
As I to nourishment conduce :
When women take me into hand,
I'm guided just as they command ;
For I've no eyes, as I may say,
(Tho' I've a head) to see my way.
Sometimes one part looks deeply red,
Yet soon again the colour's fled :
Then guess me rightly, if you can,
And you shall be a cunning man.

A P O K E R.

E N I G M A S.

MY maker form'd me by his art,
 To occupy a fleshy part ;
 My form is tolerably long,
 Not very big, but pretty strong ;
 Rather taper, smooth enough,
 Except one end, that's rather rough.
 I am of late grown very common,
 And mostly for the use of women ;
 Oft times between Kate's thighs I stand,
 Who grasps me with her lovely hand,
 And wriggles me to make me enter,
 As near's she can into the center
 Of her ——— stop, I need not tell
 A matter which ye know full well ;
 To a warm place I'm then convey'd
 By this good-natured harmless maid.
 Where I am moved very easy,
 At last slides forth both warm and greasy.

Ye funny lassies now explain,
 Unto the world my hidden name.
 And then I always stiff will stand
 Your humble servant at command.

A S P I T.

MY master often lies with me,
 His wife I oft' enjoy ;
 Yet she's no whore, nor cuckold he,
 And true to both am I.
 My cloaths nor women fit, nor men,
 They're neither coat nor gown ;
 Yet oft both men and maidens, when
 They're naked, have them on.

What's oft' my belly is oft' my back,
 And what my feet, my head ;
 And tho' I'm up, I have a knack
 Of being still a-bed.

A Bed.

READER, philosophers agree,
 ' What has been may be—may be not

I have been, am not, cannot be,
 Wish'd to be, and I was not,—what !

A Maidenhead.

WITH what the element produces,
 It serves my turn for best of uses ;
 When hot and feeble in their beds,
 I make them raise their drooping heads.

A Water Pot.

The prudent Lass.

NINE months after Florimel happened to
 wed,
 And was brought in a laudable manner to-
 bed ;
 She warbled her groans with so charming a
 voice,
 That one-half of the parish was stunn'd by the
 noise ;
 But when Florimel chose to lie privately in,
 Twelve months before she and her spouse
 were a-kin,

She chose with such prudence her pangs to
 conceal,
 That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard
 her once squeal.
 Learn husbands, from hence, for the peace of
 your lives,
 That maids make not half such a tumult as
 wives.

On a Welchman.

A Welchman coming late into an inn,
 Ask'd the maid what meat there was
 within?
 Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mut-
 ton;
 But, quoth the Welchman, since I am no
 glutton,
 Either of these shall serve: To-night the
 breast,
 The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is
 best;
 At night he took the breast, and did not pay,
 In the morning took his *heels*, and ran away.

The Rapture.

CRY'D Strephon, panting in Cosmelia's arms'
 I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms;
 Chear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
 Dissolv'd in am'rous pain,
 All men must die (bright-boy, you know)
 Ere they can rise again.

To a bad Fiddler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd old
 Nick,
 While thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-
 stick.

The Good Wife's Wish.

GIVE some wives an inch, Sir ; and they'll
 take an ell,
 Mine takes but a yard then, and says 'tis as well.

The contented Cuckold.

POOOR George, when he heard that his
 wife was in labour,
 Invited each useful, respectable neighbour ;
 Her groans were so loud that they melted his
 heart,
 And he rail'd at himself as the cause of her
 smart ;
 " Wipe your eyes, George, said she, and from
 weeping refrain,
 " I cannot blame *you* as the cause of my pain."

Betty's Thoughts.

AH, me ! quoth Betty, who cou'd e'er have
 thought,
 Such mischief cou'd arise almost from nought ?
 Which had she known ere she began to swell,
 Each yard of pleasure she'd have made an ell.

By Dr. Walsb.

CHLOE, new marry'd, looks at men no
more;

Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd
before.

Liars compared.

SUCH a liar is Tom, there's is none can *lie*
faster,

Excepting his maid, and she'll *lie* with her
master.

On a Madman.

ONE ask'd a madman, if a wife he had?
A wife! quoth he, I never was so mad.

The Feather.

IN Florimel's arms, as quite out of breath,
I'll kiss thee my charmer, I'll kiss thee to
death.

Cry'd Thyrsis in raptures—but soon on her
breast.

He sunk down his head, and compos'd him
to rest.

Not long had they lain thus unactive together,
E'er the wanton pluck'd forth from the bol-
ster a feather,

And grasping him hard till he open'd his eyes,
In a tone of derision, the witty one cries—

To prevent being kill'd in the manner you said,
I resolve with this feather to chop off your
head.

F I N I S.

The Banquet Of Wit; Or, A Feast For The Polite World Being a collection of
Jefts, Storys, Jokes, Puns, Songs, Epigrams, Enigmas, Toasts, Sentiments,
etc

London [ca. 1790]

L.eleg.m. 93

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10620822-0